

The American Girl

15¢ a copy

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts



OCTOBER

1932



A GIFT for Your Troop ...from "The American Girl"



NOW your Girl Scout troop can have its own china tea set, decorated with THE AMERICAN GIRL colophon in green. In case you don't know this seal of your own magazine, we are showing it to you to the left of this type. It is the same as the seal on the Earn-Your-Own Club stationery.

The tea set consists of eight plates, cups and saucers of genuine English dinnerware. The background is a lovely cream color, and with the green border and green decoration, it will go with any color scheme. You will surely want one in your troop room to use when your guests come to tea during Girl Scout Week, as well as at the troop parties that you are planning for the winter.

An English crockery firm is now engaged in the manufacture of these tea sets, and its American representatives have devoted much time and thought to making THE AMERICAN GIRL china attractive and distinctive.

HOW can you get the set? Just ask your captain to write to Betty Brooks, in care of THE AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York. The first sets will arrive in this country about September twenty-fourth. Tell your leader to look for them in THE AMERICAN GIRL booth at the Girl Scout Convention.

A plate and cup and saucer are shown below, but it is impossible to realize from a black and white photograph, how lovely the china is. If you want to serve more than eight people, there's nothing to prevent your troop from earning more than one set. You will want yours to be the first troop in your neighborhood to have these special dishes, so it's a good idea to start working for them right now.

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A Message from Our President

I AM particularly glad of the opportunity to say a few words to you in October, for this month, of all others, holds two events of great interest to me. I have always been glad that Juliette Low was born in the Hallowe'en season. There really couldn't have been a better birthday chosen for her, so much of fun, fancy and love of adventure was there in her.

One can just imagine the kind of birthday parties she had. How she adored to lead the way down dark back stairs with only a flickering candle to keep the spooks at bay! And one can just hear the stories she would invent, everyone sitting around or in front of the fire, waiting for the exciting end. Juliette Low certainly had all the characteristics in her youth to make her what she was, the best kind of a Girl Scout, so let us all think of her, this month especially, and rejoice that her gay spirit is in all our work and play.

The other event that comes in October is our National Girl Scout Convention. Once every year many of our sponsors, so generous of their time and interest, come together to discuss work accomplished and to plan for the year that is beginning. While you have been in camp, or at troop meetings, enjoying the Girl Scout program, have you ever stopped to think of the many people who are constantly at work planning, and devising means and putting into actualities all the benefits that you are seeking?

The Girl Scout program would not grow very fast without these fine friends of yours and I hope that when you have read this, you will pause to think what you can do to show your gratitude to the people in your community who make Girl Scouting possible for everyone of you.

I have enjoyed being your president for the last two years. It has given me a great deal of pleasure to visit the Girl Scouts in many parts of the country.



MRS. FREDERICK EDEY

Last winter I traveled to California. Perhaps some of you, as you read this, will remember meetings that we had together, songs that we sang, games that we played. I wish that my actual contacts with you could occur more often, for there are many things that I would like to say to you.

I hope your Girl Scouting means something to you, something more than just camping, proficiency badges and games. I hope you are learning many things besides what appears in the written word—the doing of things worth-

while, that leaves an indelible picture on the mind to stay always. Leonora Speyer expresses the feeling in some of her lovely lines:

"Sky, be my depth,
Wind, be my tolerant height,
World, my heart's span—
Loneliness, wings for my flight!"

As I grow older I am more and more glad for the pictures that are in my mind. Some of them have formed themselves into verse, some of them never will do that, but they will never be forgotten. Many of my favorite pictures are of Girl Scouts.

My trip last winter and early spring added many pictures to my gallery—a tree planting ceremony in San Francisco; a Golden Eagle presentation, one of many, in San Mateo; an evening of poetry before a wood fire; my first glimpse of a real seal, one that was not bouncing a ball on his nose, but just enjoying himself, taking a sun bath on a rock!

Try to put your pictures down, in words, with paints, with pen and ink, so that you will have them as beautiful illustrations of your life. So nice to look at, so good to keep, a souvenir of an unrecorded "good turn," or of something well done.

A new year is beginning for us all. Let us make it full of happy accomplishments, a joyous going forward along a new and as yet undiscovered trail.

A table of contents for this issue will be found on page 50

MARGARET MOCHRIE, Editor
PAULINE STEINBERG, Managing Editor

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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"Last year Ann couldn't make the team!"

"Now she's the best forward we have! It's funny, too—she used to be tired all the time and rather awkward. Then she began wearing Buster Brown Official Girl Scout Shoes with her Girl Scout Uniform—They felt so good she wore them all the time. Isn't it marvelous how she's improved?"

THERE'S NO secret to Ann's improvement. She feels better, has more pep and she walks and runs better, too—because the new Buster Brown Official Girl Scout Shoes support her feet correctly. Try a pair! Notice how the Ped-a-Pivot feature helps you to stand and walk nature's way—toes straight ahead. You'll be delighted with all three of the smartly tailored official patterns. Sold by department and shoe stores everywhere.



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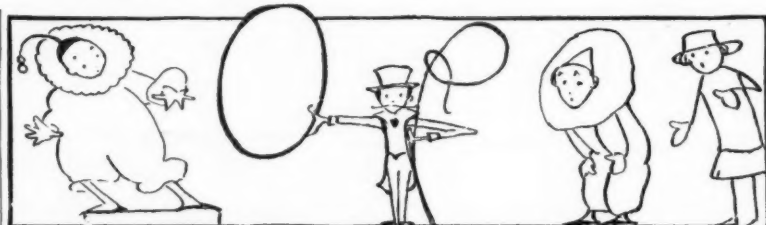
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★ Retailers who sell "Robin Hood" and "Central" footwear have these same Official Girl Scout Shoes, marked "Central's Official Girl Scout Shoes."



Laugh and Grow Scout

She Agreed

A new maid in the Far West, answering the telephone said: "Hello. Yes. Uh huh. It sure is!"

When her mistress asked her what the person wanted she replied, "Well, they asked if this was the Brown residence and I said 'Yes'. They said 'Is Mrs. Brown at home?' and I said 'Uh huh.' They said, 'Long distance from New York', and I said 'It sure is.'"

Sent by MARTHA SCHWARTZ, Craigville, Indiana.

A Bargain

JIMMY: Dad, if I ask you a question and you can't answer it you give me a quarter. You ask me a question and if I can't answer it I'll give you a nickel. That's fair enough isn't it?

FATHER: All right. We'll call it a bargain.

JIMMY: What is it that has one leg, a face like a rabbit and lays eggs like a bird?

FATHER: I can't guess. Here's a quarter. What's the answer?

JIMMY: I don't know. Here's your nickel.
—Sent by PHYLLIS CLAYTON, Kearny, New Jersey.



Not Superstitious

DICK: I never walk under ladders. It's very unlucky.

PAULA: How absurd! I walk under every ladder I meet. I just cross my fingers, touch a piece of

wood, and when I have passed underneath I turn in my tracks three times. It's very simple, and if you do that every time, it's perfectly safe. These silly superstitions make me tired.—Sent by ELLEN SWANSON, Mount Vernon, Ohio.

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month

Most Amazing



POLICEMAN: Say, lady, pull over to the curb. Do you know you were going sixty miles an hour?

LADY: Why, isn't that wonderful! I learned how to drive only yesterday.—
Sent by J. Ackermann, New York, New York.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

The Wrong Answer

HE: Do you know the difference between a street car and a taxi?

SHE: No.

HE: Then we'll take a street car.—
Sent by BETTY JEAN HUCKANS, Los Angeles, California.



Relieved

Betty was taken to the museum by her aunt. They went into the Egyptian

room and there they saw a mummy. Betty was very much interested and asked what it was.

"That is a mummy, dear," answered her aunt.

"Auntie," she confided, "I'm glad my mummy's not like that! Wouldn't it be awful!"—Sent by NANCY B. EGER, Chicago, Illinois.

His Right Name

The policeman got out his book and poised his stubby pencil. "What's yer name?"

"John Smith."

"No, let's have yer real name," bawled the officer, who had been tricked the day before.

"Well, then put me down as William Shakespeare."

"That's better. You can't fool me with that Smith stuff. I know better than that."—Sent by NETTIE SWEENEY, Owensboro, Kentucky.

A Good Business Man

FOND FATHER: Now, Sonny, if you are good today I will give you this nice, new, shiny penny.

SON: Aw, Dad, can't you make it a dirty, battered up, old quarter?—Sent by BETTY RYAN, Baraboo, Wisconsin.



THE first comments on the September AMERICAN GIRL are just beginning to come in, and we're glad to say that they're very favorable. Evidently most of you were well pleased, especially with the cover, the end of *Girl Wanted* and the beginning of *The Laughing Princess*.

RUTH KARNATZ of Minneapolis writes, "The new serial starts out just right. I'm sure everybody will like it. The large illustration is just grand, and it makes you feel as though you must read the story. *Girl Wanted* started out well, too, and it ended just right." "Girl Wanted was a dandy story," says Beverly Seares of San Francisco, California. "It was exciting and yet seemed quite real all the way through. Let's have more of Mrs. Bacon's good work! *The Laughing Princess* is simply grand. I've enjoyed every one of those period stories that THE AMERICAN GIRL has had from time to time." Ruth Smith of Durham, North Carolina says the ending of *Girl Wanted* pleased her very much, although she has a friend who didn't like it. Georgia and Helen Bessey of Antigo, Wisconsin say that they thought the ending of *Girl Wanted* was a let-down, after a very good beginning.

DOROTHY BEIKE of Chicago says, "This is the first time I have written to *Well, of All Things!* since I received my first issue of the magazine. It was very thrilling to find out that Kit Chalmers turned out to be rich again, after all. Mrs. Bacon certainly made the story exciting." "Girl Wanted was marvelous," says Mary Flynn of Detroit. "I just love stories with plenty of action, and this just suited me in that respect. Kit Chalmers was my idea of a heroine. And speaking of serials, *The Laughing Princess* is so different from other serials that I thoroughly enjoyed the first chapters, and shall wait impatiently to discover how Rosamond fares at the masquerade."

THOSE of you who have written to us about the August cover have been very enthusiastic. Catherine Gregg of Hamilton, Virginia writes, "The cover design by S. Wendell Campbell was the best I've seen in my several years of attachment to THE AMERICAN GIRL. It was grand! Let's have some more by that artist soon." Adele Silver of Salt Lake City, Utah writes that she thought the August cover was the most attractive one that she has seen for a long time—on any magazine. Dorothy Steiner of Canton, Ohio writes, "I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for four years, and it is the best magazine I could possibly have chosen to subscribe to. I thought the cover

Well, of All Things!

to the August number was one of the best in a long time. I like S. Wendell Campbell's covers next best to those of Edward Poucher, who still remains my favorite."

ELLEN SIGHS GIBBS *Light* and *A Nose for News* vie for honors as your favorite short story in the August issue. There were very few of you who didn't like either. Annabelle Johnson of Belleville, Illinois writes, "I thoroughly enjoyed *Ellen Sighs Gibbs Light*. I like the type of story that Charles Geoffrey Muller writes and I wish that he would write more." "Ellen Sighs Gibbs *Light* was unusually good," writes Dorothy Larsen of Le Mars, Iowa, "and I think Armstrong Sperry's illustrations for it were perfect. I suggest more of them." "I have been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL for two years," writes Elizabeth Darlington of Westfield, New Jersey, "and I enjoy the stories in it immensely. Please give us more stories like *Ellen Sighs Gibbs Light*, or at least more stories of Ellen's adventures. It was grand." "Ellen Sighs Gibbs *Light* was one of the best stories you have ever printed," writes Betty Bolton of Westport, Connecticut. "You can fairly smell the salt air and feel the dash of spray in your face as you read it. I only hope Charles Muller will write us some more sea stories." You'll all be glad to know that another story by Mr. Muller will appear in December. And the dozens of you who have written in this month asking for an article on horseback riding will be glad to see the article in this issue.

DOROTHY STEINER, who wrote about the August cover, thought that *A Nose for News* was the best story in the whole August issue. Margaret Furgason of Cleburne, Texas says, "*A Nose for News* was grand. Let's have more stories by Miss Wood." "*A Nose for News* was good," writes Dorothy Tucker of Boonton, New Jersey, "but as usual the heroine's hunches are always right. It's sort of boring to have heroines always right, bright, pretty and beloved." Mary Alice Mackenzie of Oak Park, Illinois says, "I thought the stories were extremely interesting this month, for the

most part. I liked Miss Wood's *A Nose for News* the best. The story was so vivid it made one feel as if Kay were a personal friend. And Harvé Stein's illustrations were a great asset. I think the artist can almost make or break a story, and Mr. Stein always makes it."

A NOSE for News was an exceptional story, and the illustrations just seemed to fit it. I hope we have more stories by Mabel Wood, and more illustrations drawn by Harvé Stein," says Audrey Weller of East Orange, New Jersey.

WE'VE had a very nice letter from Margaret Gregg of Orange, California who tells us what she likes best about THE AMERICAN GIRL. Margaret was graduated from high school in June, and we think you might be interested in knowing how a girl a little older than our average reader feels about the magazine. She writes, "In the first place, this is the only girl's magazine I can think of that doesn't grow stale with constant use. Each issue is more enticing, if possible, than the last. It seems to keep up with those of us who are advancing in age to the point where we're just about grown-up. I'm sure I'm just as enthusiastic as I was when I was in the sixth grade and first started taking the magazine. I think the girls who kick so about the stories being childish are going through the same stage I went through when everything not entirely grown-up was absolutely too infantile to bother about. All of the characters in THE AMERICAN GIRL are so alive and real that I should like to be friends with them. Honestly, THE AMERICAN GIRL couldn't be improved upon. It is ideal. And for some reason the illustrations always seem to fit my idea of the characters. I know for a fact that almost all the girls out here in the West read and like the magazine. The school always has the latest copy in the library, and at the end of the month it is nearly worn out. Here's to the continued success and prosperity of the best magazine ever!"

I'M SURE your magazine is the best one for girls published in the United States," writes Catherine Gregg, whose comment on the August cover appears before on this page. "And I have heard that from many, many influential, up-to-date people! Your magazine is fine—keep it up!" Paula Murzin of Brooklyn writes, "I have been receiving THE AMERICAN GIRL for six months, and each issue makes me more enthusiastic for your magazine. Girls who do not read it do not realize what they are missing, and my only regret is that I did not become a subscriber sooner."

From a Hill Top

ANGELA MORGAN

I DECLARE from this hill,
From the height of this beautiful
crest,
That nothing shall alter my will
To attain what is best.

'Mid the sweep and the daring of
space,
I declare for the courage to bring
My life to the ultimate place
Of glory and Spring.

Oh sweet is the rapture of poise,
And strong is the peace of a hill
Afar from the steam and the
noise
Of furnace and mill.

And I stand on this wonderful
slope,
An eagle abreast of the sky,
And the day is a bugle of hope. . . .
I am glad I am I!

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS
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MARGARET MOCHRIE • EDITOR

OCTOBER • 1932

By GEORGIA
STANBROUGH

Illustrations by

Frederic

Dorr

Steele



DIANA AND HER COFFEE HAD
NEVER BEFORE BEEN SEPARATED

Diana's Coffee

THE Foxcroft School for Girls has for so many years been engaged in educating the daughters of prominent families that it has finally taken to itself something of the distinction and fame of its patrons and all the countryside around regards it with pride and admiration. The property upon which it stands has belonged to the Fox family for generations and through all those years the same beautiful old buildings have kept watch over the surrounding valley from the exclusiveness of their Berkshire heights.

From this eminence the Misses Fox, the last of a long line of educators, now direct the destiny of their charges with strict though not unkindly hands. Indeed, these two sisters make a splendid combination, for Miss Helen has a warm affection for the girls which might sometimes make her too lenient with them were it not for Miss Katharine, who perhaps has a greater understanding of the traditions of Foxcroft than she has of the young people who come there. So these middle-aged, maiden women balance one another and conduct a finishing school which yearly sends forth the most charming, most perfectly trained and frequently the most beautiful debutantes of the successive seasons.

The unfortunate affair about which I am going to tell had its beginning one blustery evening in early October,

shortly after school had reconvened after a long summer holiday. As usual a log fire blazed in the living room of Foxcroft Manor and before it lounged ten or twelve young girls who for several minutes had all been very quiet, lulled into a warm, after dinner contentment by the crackle and snap of the flames which sent fantastic shadows dancing over the walls and playing on the dreamy faces. At last one of the girls spoke, so breaking the quiet communion of the group, and though they did not move you could see the attention of the others turn idly to what she was saying.

"Honestly," she began, a strong note of irritation in her voice, "Diana Daigneault, or however you *do* pronounce her silly name, makes me *simply* tired. I think we upper classmen ought to *do* something about it."

A tall, fair girl stirred in a far corner of the room. "Oh, the kid's all right," she said in a slow, husky voice. "She's just not used to being with other girls. Give her time."

"That's all right, Dixie," said a third, "but she's downright queer. She makes me feel creepy with those big, tragic-looking eyes that take in everything that goes on."

"Tragic!" mocked the girl who had started the conversation. "I never *heard* of anyone acting so silly over a dog. I have a dog that I love just as much as she does hers, but

DIXIE GASPED AS THE SLIGHT FORM SPRANG OUT AND CAUGHT AND CLUNG FOR A SECOND OR TWO TO THE NEAREST LIMB



I don't let it break my *heart* because I'm not allowed to bring him here to *school*. If you could have *seen* her up in her room with him when Miss Fox told her he would have to be sent back home. She just *sobbed*! And then when he'd gone she got all white and hard looking and she hasn't thawed out since. *Really*, she *ought* to act her age."

"Oh, drop it," said the low, husky voice and the girl they called Dixie wriggled into an upright position, yawned and

then sauntered out of the room. She was immediately followed by a smaller girl, much younger than anyone else in the group. Indeed, I doubt if they would have spoken so before her if they had known she was there, for she was only a freshman, a classmate of Diana Daigneault. But the room was so dark, lighted only by the dancing flames of the fire, that she had slipped in, and now she left, without anyone noticing her.

She had to hurry to catch up with Dixie Lee who was going down the hall with her usual long stride.

"Miss Lee," the freshman volunteered timidly, "I know about Diana. I know why she feels that way about her dog."

Dixie looked down at the eager young face.

"Do you?" she asked. "Tell me."

"It's because," the words tumbled out, "Coffee is Di's best friend, the dearest thing she has. Her mother and father are French and they've never seen much of Di. They're always abroad or traveling and she's had so many different governesses that the only one who's been close to her for really long is Coffee. She's had him since he was tiny and I heard Mother say once that he's the only one who ever really loved her. She's been sent to so many different places she hasn't been able to make really truly friends and she's always been allowed to have Coffee before. This is the first time they've been separated."

Dixie's face grew thoughtful.

"I'm glad you told me," she said. "I'll see if I can do anything. It's a shame for her not to have him with her."

Dixie Lee was president of the senior class and the

Misses Fox both felt she was one of the girls of whom they were going to be most proud. For that reason they listened to her with unusual patience when she tried to explain to them the following day about Diana.

"Poor child," was Miss Helen's response, "she *has* had a pathetic life. Don't you think, Katharine, we might, just this once—"

"Tch," said Miss Katharine, "that's only encouraging what must be recognized as an unfortunate situation. Diana cannot hope to have that dog forever. She must learn to do without it. And besides, if we made an exception like that, tch, we'd have cats and canaries and goldfish and goodness knows what all here in no time. I should think the squirrels would be bad enough for you as it is.

"Do you know," she said, characteristically getting away from the subject, "that it is impossible to keep them out of the girls' rooms. And they're very destructive; apparently they eat anything. Just last week they ruined a pair of Mary Seymour's gloves. I must speak to Mr. Goodwin about it."

And that was as far as Dixie could get about Diana's precious Coffee. But she made an effort to be particularly kind to the white-faced, lonely freshman and in a shy, sensitive way Diana responded, but as she had had little experience with girls of her own age and as Dixie had many school responsibilities resting on her young shoulders the friendship didn't progress very fast. Still, Dixie asked to have Diana's room moved next to her own and formed the habit of dropping in every night to talk for a few minutes before the curfew chimed its warning that all the girls must be in their own rooms.

Dixie first noticed a change in her young charge the last week in October when the dark eyes, that had been so dull with unhappiness, began to sparkle and flash, the new animation giving the younger girl an elusive and compelling charm. Dixie was delighted.

That same week Diana astonished the whole school by turning out for hockey practice and after that even her worst critic spoke of her with a grudging admiration. It was plain she had the makings of a wonderful forward—deft with her stick, incredibly fleet of foot and playing with daring and a fierce determination. The school began to take more notice of her and Dixie decided with a feeling of pride and satisfaction that Diana had at last succeeded in adjusting herself to the new environment.

Such a thought was destined to be short lived. Before the month was out Dixie, as senior president, was summoned by the office to confer with the Misses Fox on a very serious case of rule breaking and to learn of the existence of an absolutely unprecedented situation. Miss Katharine took up the lesser charge first.

"One of our pupils," she explained, her mouth unusually thin and stern, "has been observed leaving the campus as late as ten o'clock at night and what is more, going off in the vicinity of the stables. The only one to see her was one of the grooms and he assures me that the girl was Diana Daigneault. However, as it was dark and as he was not very close to her I cannot take his word as final evidence, although he seems very sure.

"It's bad enough," she went on, "for her to break the rule about leaving the dormitory after curfew, but to have her go down to the stables when that is absolutely prohibited, in hours or out, is

certainly carrying it much too far! I'm sure you can understand, Dixie. There is Roger, Mr. Goodwin's son. He is a dear boy and Foxcroft wouldn't know what to do without Mr. Goodwin to care for the grounds, but I'm afraid Roger is what would be considered a very good-looking lad."

Dixie was inclined to smile but Miss Katharine's next words froze the impulse before it reached her lips.

"The rest," the Head Mistress was saying, "is almost too painful for me to relate. Somewhere among us there is a thief! I do not believe that in all its years such a thing has occurred at Foxcroft before. Yet during the last two weeks a number of pieces of jewelry have been reported missing and now Edith Darcy has lost a valuable pin. Coming as it has, on top of this unusual breach of discipline, it is not unnatural to wonder whether the same girl might not be responsible for both offenses. I do not, of course, directly suspect Diana, but as her room is right next to yours it will perhaps be possible for you to eliminate her as a possibility."

Poor Dixie. She had come to have a warm affection for the younger girl and now she must spy on the one she had tried so hard to befriend. Yet, back in her room thinking it over, Dixie realized that it was best that she herself should do it, for she would be a fair judge and no doubt could easily disprove the whole miserable charge.

So for the next three nights she kept an uneasy vigil from a corner of the heavily draped bay window in the dormitory hall and it was a tremendous relief when her watch revealed no signs of life after the curfew had chimed.

On her way to the office to report this she ran into Miss Katharine, in an evident state of agitation.

"Another groom," whispered the Head Mistress, "assures me he saw Diana at ten o'clock last night in the White Birch Grove just this side of the stables."

"It couldn't be," said Dixie indignantly. "I watched until after that time last night and Diana never left her room."

But as she said it a sudden thought flashed through Dixie's mind; she had forgotten the huge and historic oak tree whose gnarled boughs stretched within a few feet of the dormitory. Was that Diana's means of leaving the building? It was the method the squirrels used to get in and out of the rooms. Was Diana agile enough to perform the difficult feat?

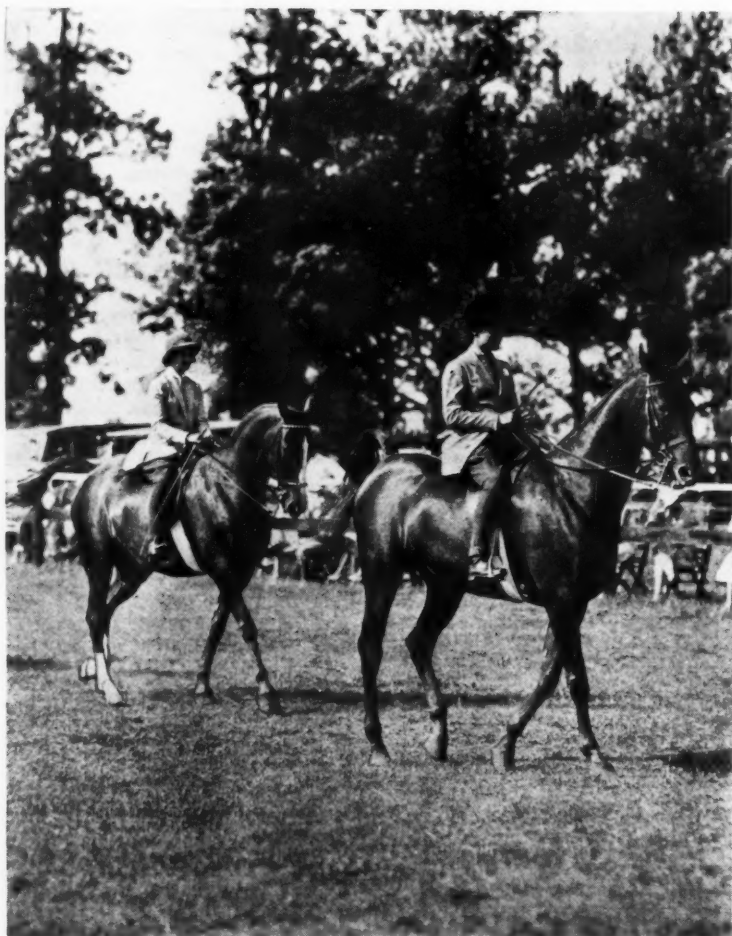
"I've an idea, Miss Katharine," said Dixie. "If you will let me watch for a few more nights I think I can be sure whether it is Diana who leaves the building."

That very night Dixie obtained permission to carry out her plan and about eight-thirty slipped out and took up a position in the garden from which she had full view of Diana's windows. Yet although she stayed there until she was thoroughly chilled by the raw night air nothing happened and she returned to her room tired and depressed.

The following night was rainy so that it was not until the second following that Dixie again took up her position in the garden. The sky was heavy with fast-moving clouds through which every now and then a full moon broke and flooded the campus with light. A gusty wind rustled the crisp October leaves and made Dixie draw her heavy coat more closely about her. For some time she sat there in brooding immobility, her eyes traveling along the rows of windows

outside of which the majestic old oak stretched its knotted limbs. Dixie noticed that one of the largest of them was dead and idly wondered why (Continued on page 36)





"HORSEMANSHIP TAKES COURAGE, PATIENCE, KINDNESS, SELF-CONTROL AND ALERTNESS"

Riding for Fun

By ANNA COYLE

for the young people they have coached.

A glance at the accompanying picture of twelve-year-old Rosamond Murray, undefeated winner in sixteen classes this season and winner of the Good Hands Cup in the National Horse Show of 1931, will indicate to you what good horsemanship can be. Incidentally she, as well as many other youthful winners, including Miss Edith Anderson, who has won cups and ribbons almost too numerous to count, have used Mrs. Babcock's method as their criterion. Other riders who may be seen at almost any of the eastern shows and who are good examples for girls to follow are: Louise Finch, Seabright, New Jersey; Audrey Hasler, Little Silver, New Jersey; the Turner sisters, Anne and Jane, Portchester, New York; Marion Durand, Rye, New York; James Cavanagh, Glen Head, Long Island, and Wilfred Funk, Jr., Montclair, New Jersey.

So, with this in mind, I undertook the wholly delightful task of interviewing Mrs. Babcock on this subject that she so thoroughly loves. It was grand to discover her warm interest in groups of girls who go in for riding, such as the Girl Scout mounted troops.

My first question was concerning the age at which girls should start to ride. "That," replied Mrs. Babcock, "depends upon the size of the girl, and her surroundings. The person who has been brought up around horses learns earlier because she has attained her confidence before she rides. About ten years is the average age at which girls begin."

"The new rider should always start with a gentle horse. Short rides are better than long ones when one is learning."

"I feel that a new rider should first handle a horse and become acquainted with him before starting to ride. Each horse is different, but most of them are very responsive to petting and attention, so that a little fondling or a bit of sugar before starting to ride establishes a contact between horse and rider that is helpful."

"Horsemanship is more than mere ability to sit on a horse as a passenger. It requires courage, confidence in oneself as well as in the horse, patience, kindness, self-control, keen perception and alertness, to become a true horsewoman. Courage, because a horse soon recognizes its master and behaves accordingly; confidence, for horses, as humans, respect those who respect themselves, and lacking

RIDING is becoming a more and more popular sport, especially among boys and girls. And although not everyone can indulge in it, any more than everyone can indulge in flying and sailing, it is interesting to know something about it so that we, who aren't fortunate enough to have horses at our disposal, can at least look on intelligently at a horse show or at the maneuvers of a mounted troop of Girl Scouts.

When, because of the many requests from readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL for an article on riding, I was asked to write one for this number, I wondered just exactly how I should approach it. And then I thought of Mrs. Edwin Gates Babcock and my line of march became clear. Every sport has its outstanding personalities. And Mrs. Babcock is known to young enthusiasts of horsemanship all over the country. Her hobby is her activities with young riders. Her pride and joy are the young people who have won riding honors through her encouragement and help.

To Mrs. Babcock, with her husband, more than to any others, is given credit for the whole movement, now national in scope, of horsemanship competitions for boys and girls under sixteen years of age in recognized horse shows in this country.

With the popularity of these competitions the question naturally arose as to what constitutes good riding. While there is no one authority as to what is right and wrong in riding, some like one style and some another, the Babcocks came to the aid of young enthusiasts with a set of simple rules which they have found successful for themselves and

confidence we lack respect; patience, kindness and self-control, because surely we cannot expect to control a horse if we cannot control ourselves; keen perception and alertness, for a horse possesses both, and we must learn always to think and act a little faster than he does. That is a very important thing for all riders, beginners or not, to keep in mind."

The girl who rides well, Mrs. Babcock believes, acquires poise that will make her charming in her social contacts. If she is fortunate in winning honors for riding she becomes accustomed to meeting people and receiving congratulations and overcomes her timidity, but whether she wins honors or not she wins a place for herself in the charmed circle of horse lovers and knows the joy of an absorbing new enthusiasm, a thrilling new interest.

Naturally the first thing every rider wants to know is how to get on the horse gracefully and safely. As to the correct way to mount and dismount, Mrs. Babcock says: "Some horsemen mount with the back toward the horse's head and facing his hindquarters, some with the front of the body toward the horse's body. We prefer the latter form, but either is correct. The rider should use whichever one gives her the most confidence. Some people mount more easily one way; some, the other.

"The reins and whip should be held in the left hand and the hand placed on the horse's withers (the ridge between the shoulder bones).

"Care must be taken to stand close to the horse. Place the left toe in the stirrup, the right hand on the cantle (back) of the saddle and spring from the right foot sufficiently for the right leg just to clear the saddle, using care not to touch the horse on the quarters. Sit well into the saddle. To dismount, keep the reins and whip in hand on the withers, the same as mounting, slip the foot from the right stirrup and pass it over the saddle. Keep the toe of the



ROSAMOND MURRAY SHOWS THE PROPER POSITION FOR RIDERS

left foot in the iron until the right foot has fairly touched the ground.

"Mounting and dismounting in this way, if the rider faces toward the horse's side, he can see both ends of the horse, and is able to anticipate any movement and to act accordingly. Always keep the reins in hand until safely on the ground."

You are on the horse now and I know you are eager to hear what Mrs. Babcock has to tell you about the seat and the position of the feet and legs. On these points she says: "The good seat for hacking or park riding is a natural seat, comfortable, strong and erect without rigidity. It depends upon balance and grip.

"Sit squarely to the front, and comfortably, with the muscles relaxed so as to grip with the flat of the thigh, the knee and the inner calf. Let the feet hang in a natural position as in walking, nearly parallel to the sides of the horse and with the ball of the foot resting lightly on the stirrup and the heels slightly depressed. By keeping the heels down the inner calf muscles are brought into play, and it is by these muscles that you indicate your desires to the horse.

"For hacking, a properly adjusted stirrup should be of medium length. Sit in the saddle with the legs hanging loose, then adjust the leather until the bottom of the stirrup is level with the inside ankle bone. When riding a difficult horse or doing a difficult thing on a horse the stirrup may be shortened. Care should be taken to keep the feet back so that the stirrup leathers always hang perpendicularly. When they hang perpendicularly the feet cannot be thrust forward almost on the horse's shoulders, which is so common a fault and which at once puts the rider off balance."

We hear so much about the hands in sets where riding is the favorite sport. Some are of the opinion that one is simply born with good riding hands, just as one might be a "born musician". But in both (Continued on page 47)

GIRL SCOUTS ARE RIDING WITH FAST-GROWING ENTHUSIASM. HERE IS PART OF THE MOUNTED TROOP AT SYRACUSE, NEW YORK



The Laughing Princess

ROSAMOND Bolton lived with her mother and Hugh, her brother, in a cottage not many miles from London. Her father had been sent away from England when Rosamond was a baby, after refusing to obey what he considered an unjust command of King Henry the Seventh.

Rosamond awoke one morning to the sound of a hunter's horn. Fearing for the safety of a young fox she had penned in the garden, she jumped out of bed, ran from the house and discovered that the fox had escaped. As she reached the gate she met the hunting party riding up, and she called to the leader, a large, handsome man, and begged him to stop his hounds, unaware that he was Henry the Eighth.

Laughing a little at Rosamond's strange request, the hunter did as she asked him. The girl, sorry to have ruined their sport, invited the party into the garden for a draught of her mother's mead. As she helped serve the guests, Rosamond was startled to see her own likeness to a young lady of the hunting party who seemed to be a sister of the leader.

That evening, as Rosamond and Hugh sat studying, the sound of a horse's hoof beats aroused them, and shortly a messenger of the King arrived at their cottage. He told Mistress Bolton that the Princess wished to have Rosamond come to her at court, and that the girl was to accompany him back there that very evening. So, after a swift ride to London on a pillion behind the messenger, Rosamond found herself established in court life, the guest of the Princess Mary!

PART II

The following day was all so strange to Rosamond that it passed by like a dream.

The Princess Mary had had her costume for a long time and Mistress Martha copied it in every detail so when they dressed that night and stood before the long mirror with their masks of fine gold net across their eyes and their gold colored hair curled just alike and hanging to their bare shoulders, and their gowns of green and gold, they were as like as twins could ever be and the Princess Mary was greatly pleased.

"What fun we're going to have!" she cried, and caught the younger girl's hands and danced with her until they both were breathless.

"And now I'll go ahead," the Princess cried, "for they will all think that I'll insist that you open the ball."

So, catching up her long skirts and her kerchief and fan of which Rosamond had exact copies, she flew down the winding stairs to the ballroom and Mistress Martha and Rosamond followed through the empty halls. The Princess had them secrete themselves behind the carving in the Queen's own balcony that overlooked the ballroom and where Queen Catherine watched the dancing when she was not disposed herself to be among the merry-makers.

Rosamond leaned a little closer to the grilling, for the Princess Mary was entering the room below with well simulated shyness, hanging back at the last moment as though she could not make her feet go across the threshold. And then Rosamond saw a tall young lad come forward. He was dressed in a suit of robin's egg blue and crimson and his mask was red, too, and his legs in the long blue silk hose looked well-shaped and slender and he carried himself bravely. Mistress Martha caught her arm and whispered:

By MABEL CLELAND

Illustrations by Marguerite de Angeli

"That's my William! See, how graciously he takes her to the throne. And he would have done the same for you, little maid.

Indeed, I think that he thinks it is you, for so well she acts the part of country maiden that if you were not here beside me, I would believe you down below. Look! Now he whispers to her to bow low before their Majesties. How sweepingly she does it, and so modestly, too. The King is speaking to her! Oh, I wonder what he says? Ah, yes, he told her to open the ball. That is like him, knowing if you were the one, you would not know what now to do! She has overstepped herself this time, I fear me."

Mistress Martha smiled, for William was whispering to the Princess.

"He's telling her that she must choose a partner, as though she didn't know it!" she said. "Now look at the vixen! She hesitates as though she knew that everyone was looking at her, but she knew not anyone in all the goodly crowd. Now she is making straight for Master Brandon! The minx! She knows she cannot open a ball with him

when she is a Princess! But being a country girl she thinks it is the thing to do. Now she has done herself an evil turn," Mistress Martha cried in anguish, watching the Princess and the man below. "She ne'er asked you if you knew the steps of *La Galliard* or any other dance."

"My mother saw that Hugh and I had lessons," Rosamond answered modestly.

And when the dance was over Rosamond saw Charles Brandon lead Mary to a long French window, but before she crossed the sill she dropped her kerchief and Rosamond knew her time had come.

Mistress Martha took a hasty look at the girl to see if everything was in place and gave her a gentle

"WOULD YOU MIND VERY MUCH, ROSAMOND,



push toward the stairs. Tremblingly Rosamond crept down them. It was a short winding staircase that led directly from the Queen's gallery to a small anteroom outside the ballroom. And she was unseen by the dancers as she went to join the Princess. Mary laid her hand a minute on the girl's arm and looked into her eyes.

"Do not fear, little one," she whispered. "We are enough alike to play our parts all evening if we were so to choose."

"I'll do the very best I can," Rosamond answered softly.

And still smiling, she swept up to the tall figure dressed in a monk's gray robes waiting for her by a lilac bush.

"I feared you'd never come, fair Princess," Charles Brandon cried exultantly. "The little country maid did very well, and I was much surprised at her good dancing. But if you thought to fool me you were fooled yourself! I'd know you in a thousand, fair one."

Rosamond only shook her head and tapped him lightly on the arm with her fan as she had seen the Princess do a half dozen times the night before. Charles laughed and caught Rosamond's hand and led her back into the ballroom. She went at once and bowed before the King and Queen, as Mistress Martha had bade her do, and then took her place beside them on the platform. And on all sides she heard soft whispers, "That is the Princess now. The country wench would never dare to sit before their Majesties." And Rosamond, feeling a little uncomfortable,

looked around her and, for the first time in her life, saw things from the exalted point of view of a throned queen.

Suddenly the King interrupted Rosamond's dreaming. He leaned a little toward her and spoke in a soft jesting voice.

"You think you fool us, Mary, but that you cannot do! The maid is not as good at play-acting as you are, my dear, and it was plain to all when she stood trembling in the doorway. And had it not been for William, the page, she would have made a pretty mess of the ball, I'll tell you. And dancing off with Charles Brandon! You put her up to that, you wench!"

Rosamond's heart stood still, but she only smiled and shook her head and would not answer and the King went on.

"I'll tell you there are times, my dear, when I'll be glad when you are safely wedded. And by the way, I have some news for you. The Ambassador from France will be in England shortly. He comes to claim your hand for King Louis, seeing as your sister Margaret will not have him. Wouldn't like to be the Queen of France, my little sister?"

There was nothing for Rosamond to do but sit dumbly and shake her head.

But before she had to answer a huge man approached the dais and, bowing low before her, begged for a dance. Rosamond got hastily to her feet and laid her hand upon his arm, only too thankful to leave the King's presence.

"It was good of your Highness to dance this with me,"

the man was saying and Rosamond smiled up at him.

She was so relieved to get away from the King that she forgot what panic she might have felt upon the dance floor, for the Princess had been grace itself when she had danced with Master Brandon. But Rosamond, with her mind on other things, forgot to think about herself and so she danced extremely well.

Her partner said in a hoarse whisper, "My name is Master Holbein and I am the painter for the court. I knew, when I could see you better, that you were not the Princess. But trust me, for I will not give your secret away. You are splendid. I must compliment you greatly."

Rosamond looked with relief into his kindly German face. She knew he spoke the truth, for it was there behind the accents in his thick, rough voice. And she welcomed this chance to relax and be herself.

He took her little fan and cooled her with it, and explained as he did so how he had known that she was not Princess Mary. "You see, I am a painter and I notice details. You are alike, I'll warrant that, but under her right ear, so light it might have been made by the tip of a pencil, there is a tiny

IF YOU DID NOT RETURN TO YOUR HOME JUST YET?" THE PRINCESS SAID. "I WANT YOU WITH ME."



mole. You have none. So I knew you for the little country maid. Come, am I not observing? But then, 'tis my business, and I've painted her, you know. So my eyes should be trained for finding likenesses." Rosamond enjoyed the time spent with Master Holbein. And just then she saw the tall page William coming toward her and he carried a folded note upon a silver tray.

"I bring a message to you, Princess," he said and dropped to one knee. Rosamond knew that all eyes were upon her and she took the note and broke the seal. But she didn't know what next to do, for the note was addressed to Princess Mary.

But before Rosamond had time to do anything there came a sweet ripple of laughter from the gallery and the Princess came around the carved screen and stood before them all.

"Bring me that note if it is meant for me, Mistress Rosamond," she cried. "Then we shall stand before them and let them choose between us."

The King on hearing her struck his mighty knee with one huge fist and laughed uproariously, and Rosamond, turning, went swiftly to the throne and dropped a curtsy to the King and Queen before she went to join the Princess in the balcony.

The royal maid was waiting with her eyes like stars and she held out her hand for the letter. Then slipping it inside her bodice without reading it, she caught the younger girl's hand in hers and led her around the front of the screen.

"I am sorry if my little prank has proved distasteful to your Majesties in any way," she began, looking down at her brother and his wife with contrition in her beautiful brown eyes. "I only sought to lighten the burden of his court for a short while by making laughter for you all tonight. Pray pardon me if I have overstepped the rules of etiquette. And please forgive this little maiden, too, who only did my bidding."

The King called out in his loud voice, "You've got my pardon, Mary. I thought it was a goodly jest!"

The Queen bowed graciously.

Later, when the dancing was over, the Princess said to Rosamond, "You did your part full well, my little Rosamond. Now get a good night's rest—and we shall see tomorrow what we shall see!"

"You and the Princess played your parts very well last evening at the ball," Mistress Martha said the following morning. "I vow that there were times when I could scarce tell you from her Highness. It is a wondrous likeness that you bear each other. I've never seen a stronger one in all my life."

Rosamond smiled against her pillows.

"I had a wonderful time," she sighed happily. "I never thought I'd sit beside the King or dance with the famous painter, Master Holbein."

"I would like to ask you something, Mistress Martha," she went on, and there was a worried line between her lovely brown eyes. "Why does the Lady Margery dislike the Princess?"

The woman looked at her keenly and smoothed an imaginary wrinkle from her soft red dress before she spoke.

"It is court gossip, and how I hate it! You are right. The Lady Margery hates the Princess. She is envious of everything about her, from the crown of her golden head to the tip of her small feet. She is jealous because the King openly adores his sister's madcap ways. She is jealous because the Queen would rather have Mary with her for fifteen minutes than anyone else a good long day! But most of all she hates that Master Brandon loves the Princess! That cuts deeper than all else!"

Rosamond nodded solemnly on hearing the latter reason.

"I knew it!" she declared emphatically. "'Tis evident."

Mistress Martha spoke sharply, seeming sorry for her frankness. After all, Rosamond was a newcomer to the court.

"That is court gossip, remember, and you are not to repeat it to a soul."

And as Rosamond sat there pondering, her knees pulled up and clasped about by her slender arms, there came a knock upon the door, and Mistress Martha went to open it. It was a messenger from the Princess who wanted Rosamond to meet her in the garden.

She found the Princess seated on the rim of a marble basin in which there swam a score of bright gold fishes, and she was feeding them crumbs of bread and they, greedy things, seemed not to care if they were nibbling at the hand of royalty for they came and nosed around her slender fingers and made her laugh.

The Princess smiled and beckoned to Rosamond and dismissed a page who was in attendance. Rosamond went forward and dropped a low curtsy and then waited for the Princess to give her permission to speak.

"How did you sleep?" Mary asked in her kind and gracious way, waving away all other forms of honor due her and patting a place on the sun-warmed marble next to her.

"Oh, very well," the girl answered as she sat down.

"Would you mind very much, Rosamond, if you did not return to your home just yet? I want to keep you here with me," the Princess said, going directly to the thing that was uppermost in her mind.

Rosamond could only sit and look at her. The Princess pressed her hand that she was holding and tears filled her eyes.

"There I shall not keep you! I need no words to tell me you would break your heart! You shall go directly after dinner. That I promise you," she cried in a low voice.

Rosamond got to her feet, and her eyes were shining, too, with unshed tears.

"If you need me, Princess Mary, I will stay with you forever!" she cried.

Mary had risen too and now she put her arms around the younger girl and gently kissed her.

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart," she said.

"It is true I need you badly, and besides I find myself attached to you as I have never been to anyone before. I shall be eternally grateful to you and this day I pledge you my sincere friendship."

"And that friendship shall be the dearest thing I possess," Rosamond answered sincerely.

"It seems as though you are in answer to a prayer," the Princess said in a hushed voice. "Oh, I was over lonely with no one of my age about."

She laughed at herself, for her young heart was always merry, and then grew sober-faced again.

"You probably have not heard the news that the King of France has sent an Ambassador to this court to ask my hand in marriage," the Princess began.

"Yes, I have heard, Princess," she answered. "The King, your brother, told me something of it last night when he thought that I was you."

The Princess Mary got to her feet, and brushed the wrinkle from her pale green silk skirt. Then, with a change of mood which Rosamond was to learn came to her as quick as lightning strikes, she drew herself to her full height, which was a goodly one, and said, "Alas, you see, my dear, a princess cannot listen to her heart call. If I must be the Queen of France—then so be it. I shall put the thought of any other from my mind. Others have done it before me. I can do the same."

Rosamond, who had risen too, looked closely at her. She knew the Princess was thinking of Master Brandon.

She left Rosamond standing by the bower, and Rosamond felt her heart sink to her slipper (*Continued on page 39*)



MISS NICHOLS LOVES FLYING, SO SHE HAS MADE A CAREER OF IT—A THING THAT VERY FEW YOUNG WOMEN HAVE BEEN ABLE TO DO

Ruth Nichols, Flyer

BECAUSE I'd always been fond of sports—just as a sort of challenge," Ruth Nichols, famous woman aviator would tell you if you should happen to ask her why and how she began to fly.

Ten years ago, down at Miami, Florida Miss Nichols was introduced by her brother to friends who were intensely interested in aviation. She has always liked riding, swimming, tennis, polo; and flying seemed to provide an opportunity for a new kind of good time.

She didn't find it hard to learn, not a great deal harder than driving a car, she told me one afternoon in her attractive apartment on the tenth floor of a New York apartment hotel.

"Any girl with normal physical and mental coördination, good health and sight, mental alertness and the ability to obey orders quickly can learn to fly," she said.

"She will need a wider store of general information, though, for flying than for driving a car. Much of this is the sort of thing that Girl Scouts know. For one thing, there is compass work, which is obviously very important to a flyer. There is astronomy, and meteorology. It is valuable to have an opportunity to study cloud formations and know what to expect of the weather. A working knowledge of first aid often proves very necessary. It is helpful to know woodcraft. Sometimes you are forced down and have to walk long distances. It is important then to be able to tell which way you are going without a compass, to be able to avoid walking in circles. A thorough knowledge of knot-tying often comes in handy. These are all things that Girl Scouts learn.

"A competent flyer must include in his general knowledge things that anyone who sails a boat knows, such as being able to tell which way the wind blows without the aid of mechanical devices. Anyone accustomed to the water can tell the direction of the wind from the shape of the waves. When flying over the land, watch the direction of smoke and leaves on the trees. If you want to learn how to fly, make it your business to find out things like that.

"There are other factors in Girl Scouting that are useful to the student flyer. For one thing, Girl Scout principles entail good discipline and the habit of instant obedience to

An interview by

CATHERINE HOAG

orders. There is no time to question an order when one is learning to fly. It promotes physical well-being and a clean outlook on life." Miss Nichols stressed again the importance of physical well-being,

and especially good sight, explaining that rigid eye tests must be taken before a student may even begin instruction.

"And you think that air travel will certainly increase rapidly in popularity, don't you?" I asked.

"Oh, without a doubt," she said. "You can't keep out of the air. Before many years girls are going to feel that their mothers are back numbers if they can't pilot a plane, just as they feel toward them now if they don't drive a car. Right now flying is open to people who have only moderate means. Those, for instance, who can drive Fords or Chevrolets can afford planes." She went on to explain that the airplane is now being put on the market at as low a price as twelve hundred dollars, and that the cost of operation is coming down rapidly.

"Not so long ago," she said, "a flight was made from Washington to New York at a total cost of seventy-five cents for fuel. And as for safety, although there are more possibilities for accidents in the air, right now there are actually no more fatalities on the air transportation lines than there are in travel by rail, in proportion to the number of miles traveled. That is largely because the regulations governing the air lines are so strict. The pilots are awfully well trained and the planes kept in perfect condition. The accidents that do occur in the air happen mostly to private pilots. Every now and then one of them becomes careless. The radio, of course, is another very important step in air safety.

"Once people said they'd never go into that dangerous contraption, the automobile. They're still saying, 'Well, an automobile accident isn't quite so bad. Maybe you hit another car or a telephone pole, but at least you can get out—that's more than you can do from a plane.'

"As a matter of fact, although you do have three dimensions to worry about in the air, you can have a plane crack-up pretty badly and still be uninjured. I crashed myself and turned over three times without getting a scratch," she went

on. "In ten years of flying I have only been hurt once." And surely that's more than lots of automobile drivers can say.

About a year and a half ago Miss Nichols had a bad crash up in St. John, New Brunswick, Canada when she tried to land in an airport which proved to be too small for her high-powered plane. The field was shaped like a bowl, she explained, and she found it impossible to get out. Consequently she crashed, cracking five vertebrae, and was laid up for several months. Her health is as good as ever now, however, she assured me.

She doesn't look as though she has been flying even ten years, this young woman who is so famous. Nor does she look especially like what one thinks of as the outdoor type of girl. Small and attractive in appearance, with soft, wavy brown hair and large, vivid blue eyes, she is not at all formidable looking, as you might expect of a seeker after new records to break.

She went to a fashionable finishing school at Dobbs Ferry, New York, and then, much to her parents' surprise and rather to their displeasure, she insisted upon going to college. She chose Wellesley, and it was while she was still a student there that she did her first flying. Her first flight was when she was nineteen years old, and she was piloted by the famous Eddie Stinson. After two years in college she left, in order to assume the domestic and social life her parents had always wanted for her. Then she re-entered Wellesley and was graduated in 1924.

Incidentally, she was the first woman to fly a bombing plane, which she did at Le Bourget, Paris. Also, she received the first mechanic's license ever given to a woman.

After she left college, Miss Nichols became assistant to the head of the women's department of the National City Bank, in New York. Four years ago she began to fly commercially.

"I hated the idea of office work," she said, "and of being indoors every day. I figured that if I had to work eight hours a day, I should spend that large part of the day doing work which I enjoyed, namely—flying." Since then she has been doing all sorts of commercial flying. Recently, she has been helping Colonel Clarence Chamberlin, her technical adviser, with his aviation school. She says that it is now possible to enroll in an aviation course, which takes the student through the first solo flight, for as little as one hundred dollars. Recently she made a good will flight of 3,000 miles, sponsored by the National Council of Women. She visited ten cities in an effort to enlist the aid of women in an international congress of women, to be held in 1933.

When I asked her what commercial chances there were for women in aviation, she replied:

"I especially advise girls not

to try to go into flying professionally. There are certainly no more, and perhaps fewer, opportunities in aviation for women than in any other business, although of course there are exceptions. I have hundreds of letters from girls asking about flying jobs, and I have to discourage them all. But there is a chance for every healthy girl, be she a wage earner or not, to fly for sport."

Miss Nichols is now one of the foremost American woman flyers. She holds records in each of the three major phases of aviation—speed, altitude and long distance. The breaking of each of these records was to be one step toward a proposed ocean flight, plans for which are by no means forgotten. It was definitely scheduled for the spring of 1931, when Miss Nichols was injured and was forced to abandon it temporarily.

In a test flight Miss Nichols flew back and forth across the continent against the time of Mrs. Keith Miller, who at that time held the women's transcontinental record. She beat the time of Colonel and Mrs. Charles Lindbergh and was only fifty-five minutes slower than Captain Frank M. Hawks. Next she succeeded in breaking the altitude record established by Elinor Smith, who afterwards attempted to re-break the record but failed. Finally she attacked Amelia Earhart's speed record for women, which she succeeded in breaking a year ago last April. She also holds both the men's and women's altitude records for Diesel motors.

If you were to wonder how breaking speed, or altitude or long distance records proves scientifically helpful, Miss Nichols would tell you that above all things it stimulates public confidence in air travel. She is planning some very fascinating flights right now, for exactly this purpose, she says.

Ordinarily it takes one airplane to each type of flight record, but through Colonel Chamberlin's engineering help one machine was made to do what ordinarily would require three. The three records set by Miss Nichols were broken in this one plane. By such new ideas of airplane construction and design are strides in air progress made. Miss Nichols explained, also, that the flights were spectacular enough to have news value, and this publicity had a value in dollars and cents, helping to produce the money necessary for experimental flights and engineering research.

She pointed out that from all the ocean flights, both successful and unsuccessful, something of value to future sea flyers resulted, especially the vital need for a radio beam and automatic pilot as a help for blind flying in a fog.

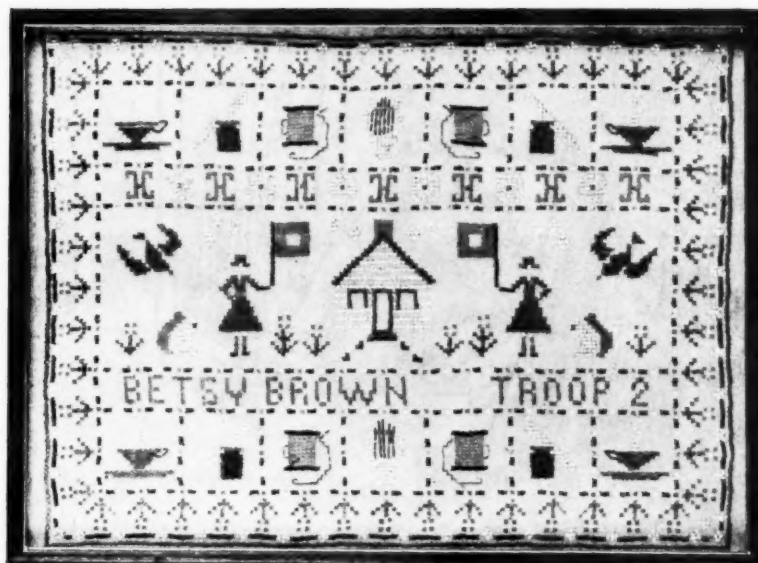
I asked Miss Nichols if she had ever done any parachute jumping and she said that she had not.

"I consider them useful only as life (Continued on page 43)



SHE DOESN'T LOOK AS THOUGH SHE HAS FLOWN TEN YEARS

GIRL SCOUTS WILL ALL WANT TO WORK THIS SAMPLER, NOT ONLY BECAUSE IT IS COLORFUL AND DECORATIVE, BUT BECAUSE IT WAS DESIGNED ESPECIALLY FOR THEM



Designed by
HELEN
PERRY
CURTIS

Our Girl Scout Sampler

IT IS something that we've been thinking about and wanting and planning for, for ages and here it is, with all the fixings. There are two little Girl Scouts with waving flags, and between them a log cabin that suggests camping or delightful week-ends, with a bit of trail leading right up to the front door. Around the girls are the symbols of some of their outdoor activities, a bluebird on the wing, two saucy squirrels, a row of flowers and some star-shine thrown in for good measure. The border of the sampler is made up of stars and flowers, too. Along the top and the bottom are two rows of proficiency badges, a cup and saucer for the hostess, a bottle of ink and pen for the journalist, a thread and needle for the needlewoman, and a harp for the young musician. The narrow border above the center is made up of the symbols for child nursing and handicraft. Of course, it wasn't possible to get in *all* the activities and interests of any one Girl Scout, but we did the best we could.

And that is what sampler means—just a suggestion of a lot of different things. It may mean a collection of all kinds of stitches or a group of different designs and ideas, or the special interest of the maker, such as a map or a poem or a lugubrious weeping willow, but most of all it means putting in a beautifully permanent form the skilful handiwork of some one person whose name appears proudly on the finished sampler. So an extra alphabet goes with the sampler and you may embroider your own name and troop number or your favorite Girl Scout slogan or anything you want on the sampler.

A piece of embroidery like this is a good thing to have on hand for pick-up work, because it doesn't need to be done in a hurry. You can make one for yourself and frame it and hang in your own room, or you can make it for your sister or your best friend for Christmas, or you can present one to your own Girl Scout room or cabin. It is the kind of thing you can hand on to your daughters when they become Girl Scouts. And how proud they will be of your handiwork!

Like many samplers, this one is made entirely of cross stitch. The linen is a pale cream, and the colors are bright blue-green, a lovely apricot yellow, gay vermillion and black so that it will fit into almost any color scheme. In working the cross stitch be sure to have the top thread always going

in the same direction, so that the embroidery will look very professional. When the sampler is finished, a good hard pressing under a wet cloth from the wrong side of the sampler will make the design stand out beautifully. Even though you have never sewed before, here's something that you can get loads of fun out of doing, as the stitches are simple and it is fascinating to watch the design grow.

Now for the color. The very outside row of cross stitch is in solid blue. Next to it comes a broken line of black interspersed with golden stars. The flowers are red with gold centers and the stems and leaves are blue. On the inside border line of alternate dots and dashes, have the dashes in black and the dots first yellow and then red. In other words, there are two black cross stitches together and a single cross stitch of red, then two black, then a single yellow, and so forth. It is easy when you get started. It would be a good idea to keep the cover of this issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* before you as you work. It was impossible to represent all the colors exactly in printing the cover design, but if you will consider the paler reds as yellow and the darker reds as vermillion, you will get along very well.

In the top and bottom rows are symbols. A teacup and saucer are blue with a black handle and yellow steam. The bottle of ink is black, with a blue cork and a yellow quill. The spool is black at the top and bottom filled with bright red thread and the extra coil of thread is red, too. The needle is black. The harp is golden, of course, with a red cross bar at the bottom and black strings.

In the narrow border that comes next, the craftsmen symbol is red with a blue cross bar and the child nursing symbol is golden with a red center.

In the center of the sampler is a jolly little cabin which will be of yellow logs with a black roof and red chimney. The windows and doors are outlined at the sides and top with blue. The steps are in two lines of black, with red in the middle, and the trail is in black or blue. The Girl Scouts are dressed in uniforms of the blue—which fortunately is a greeny-blue which is a good deal like the real uniforms. The hats are the same shade, the face and neck yellow, two squares of red make the tie and there is a red belt. This is not strictly regulation (*Continued on page 38*)



"I WONDER," SHE CROONED, "IF THIS YOUNG LADY WITH THE LOVELY RED HAIR WOULD UNDERTAKE A—"

Scatter's Rest Cure

By LESLIE C. WARREN

Illustrations by Helen Hokinson

PROBABLY Scatter's attention would never have become focused on the middle-aged, spectacled lady we nicknamed Horny Owl and her unpleasing attendant, the Spanish Lad, had they not thrown the unanswerable insult, all uncalled-for and unnecessary. And after that it was war to the hilt, come what might, even imprisonment or worse.

The occasion was the ocean voyage to the West Indies prescribed for Scatter after her poisonous outbreak of flu that had left her thin face more peaked and pointed than ever and made her red hair flame gaudier in contrast to its pallor. Scatter's aunt had kindly asked me on the trip as part of Scatter's rest cure and, as it was the tag end of vacation, I came, and we were all agog, never having been at sea before. Scatter's aunt never had been either, but she wasn't agog—she was abed and most unhappy.

We were sorry for her, but pleasingly unhampered, and we made the most of all opportunity for adventure that came our way, and the only one in which we really overreached ourselves a bit was the one with Horny Owl and her friend and we wouldn't have become involved in that, as I have said before, had not Scatter vowed horrid vengeance for the insult which no person may fling and remain unscathed.

Of course it had been "red head."

"I wonder," crooned Horny Owl, bending solicitous spectacles above the inert form of Scatter where it lolled on a deck chair, "I wonder if this nice young lady with the lovely red hair would be willing to undertake a —"

The sentence, unfortunately for our future peace of mind, remained unfinished, for the young lady flashed hotly to her feet, her lovely red hair a fiery menace in the tropic sun, defiance in every line of her taut body. Only quick work on my part saved the situation from becoming unpleasantly acute—but, of course, I am something of an expert at that art, having hauled Scatter from countless brawls over her hair at one time or another. But even as I dragged her from this battle field I found time to chuckle over the look of blind horror and consternation that swept the face of Horny Owl at the unexpected outburst after her harmless remark.

We did not mention the subject again until that evening when we lay on the unrailed upper boat deck contemplating the tropic night, all thick and smooth about us. That

spot on the ship was forbidden to passengers and we had run a risk to gain it. But once there we found it peachy. "Private and important!" murmured Scatter sleepily, and I began to hope that she was no longer brooding over the insult of the late afternoon. But my hopes were soon dashed.

"D'you know what our steward told Ant today?" she asked.

"That she ought to get up and eat an apple with salt on it and a piece of raw beefsteak and she'd feel fine. He tells her that every day and it only makes her limper."

"Of course he said that; he always does," replied Scatter impatiently, "But today he said more. There are smugglers on this boat, lace smugglers with yards and yards of precious lace wound around their middles. At least it will soon be wound around their middles for they will collect it in Santo Domingo tomorrow and will sell it in New York. There are two of them, a man and a woman, and when we get to Porto Rico we are going to be searched because that's United States territory. And, Frosty, d'you know what I think?" Scatter was excited. I heard her voice catch a bit and I felt that she was twisting her forelock on her finger, a sure sign of agitation on her part. She went on. "Well, I think that the obvious criminals are Horny Owl and that Spanish Lad and it simply behooves us for the honor of my hair and our duty as law-abiding Girl Scouts to track them to earth and turn them over to Mr. Graves, the purser, before we reach Porto Rico."

"Maybe," I replied. I wasn't interested and I felt that Scatter shouldn't be encouraged. "I'm sleepy and we'll have to be up betimes in the morn so as not to miss anything at Santo Domingo."

"But, Frosty," argued Scatter virtuously, "that sort of thing is dishonest and must be suppressed. In fact, I think there should be a Girl Scout law on the subject."

"Perhaps you're thinking of 'honor is to be trusted,'" I suggested. "For my part I have always thought that 'A Girl Scout minds her business' wouldn't be amiss. Honestly, I

want to go to bed. You might just as well come along."

Scatter groaned at my lack of enthusiasm, but came along just the same. We stalked cautiously toward the ladder which we had climbed earlier in the evening, treading softly for fear of lurking deck stewards.

Suddenly Scatter caught my arm and stood still. I had heard the sound, too—voices below us, hushed and subdued. We crouched above the ladder, straining our ears, for we had no mind to descend into the righteous arms of the law. For a moment there was no more sound, and Scatter poked her head over the edge. But she pulled it back like a startled turtle as a man spoke at our feet.

"Why on earth did you risk speaking to that crazy red-headed girl today?"

Under my calming hand Scatter stiffened like a bird dog at point and a woman's voice answered the man.

"She and her friend might have been of use to us. They are too young to be suspected. Of course I had no idea that the red-headed one wasn't responsible—"

Voice Number One, the Spanish Lad's for sure, answered crisply, "You made a mistake. If they should tip off Graves the trip would be wasted. No telling what crazy thing that red-headed child might take it into her head to do—"

For one desperate second I knew that Scatter was about to leap forth into empty air to land athwart the unsuspecting persons of the smugglers like some horrid sprawling spider of the night. But with unparalleled self-control she pulled herself together and the voices trailed off down the deck, unmolested.

We descended the ladder decorously, bade goodnight to Ant and shut ourselves into our cabin.

"Humph!" grunted Scatter bitterly. She was taking it hard. "Blackballed for the smugglers' club because of insanity and hair! Frosty, they make me mad."

But I thought it was funny and I rolled on the bed and choked with laughter.

"Oh, Scat, they—they think you're crazy—You're not responsible. Horny Owl and the poisonous Spanish Lad said that about you. Oh, I'm a wreck. I haven't laughed so hard since the cat died."

Scatter ignored me and cold-creamed her sun-burned face reflectively. I could see that an idea was beginning to hatch.

"Do they think you're crazy, too?" she inquired hopefully.

"Why should they? I never leaped into their faces like a sizzling comet just because they called me a lovely young lady."

"Humph!" remarked Scatter again. "From now on I am going to haunt old Horny Owl like a real maniac and unearth enough evidence between here and Porto Rico to turn her and her young accomplice over to Mr. Graves. I never was keen on the idea of being searched, anyhow."

Muttering to herself, and chuckling the baneful chuckle that means trouble for someone, Scatter clicked out the light and bedded herself down on the other side of the cabin.

Morning came early and our ship lay to a mile from the shore of Santo Domingo. Scatter and I went on deck to see the arrival of the quarantine doctor at seven o'clock. He chugged out to us in a Dominican navy launch escorted by Dominican soldiers, and he wore at that hour of the morning a frock coat, high white hat, white gloves and a lily in his buttonhole.

We were enthralled by the sight and hung ourselves avidly over the rail as he came up the ladder. Beside us stood Horny Owl and her Spanish attendant.

"Good morning," said Scatter politely. "Isn't this a quaint scene?"

Horny Owl nodded grimly. Obviously she didn't thrive on quaint scenes before breakfast. But Scatter barged on with a playful giggle.

"Such a gorgeous morning!" she chortled happily. "See the lovely picture I drew of the quarantine doctor. Isn't it realistic?"

She held an imaginary sketching pad in her hand and drew busily on it with empty air.

Horny Owl looked confused. Her eyes sought mine and I choked on a giggle that might have been a cluck of dismay as I took Scatter tenderly by the arm.

"She isn't used to being up so early in the morning," I explained sweetly. "It hasn't agreed with her today."

Scatter suffered herself to be led meekly from the scene, but suddenly gave a hasty exclamation and rushed back to the rail.

"Forgot my sketch of the doctor," she explained to the conspirators as she carefully gathered up her imaginary kit and hurried back to me.

"F-Frosty," she stuttered all agog, "I caught them red-handed. Horny Owl was receiving a note from a soldier and the Spanish Lad was signaling to a black man in the launch. No ordinary people would be hanging over rails at seven in the morning waving their arms at black men in boats. Now I ask you!"

And I had to allow as how they wouldn't.

"Well," said Scatter thoughtfully, as we stood waiting some time later to be passed by the doctor as physically fit to enter the Dominican Republic, "what I think is

this. Horny Owl and her accomplice are making a date to receive the goods. Probably they'll rendezvous at the Cathedral where Columbus' bones are on view and go elsewhere to get wound up."

"Columbus' bones!" I gasped.

"Yes, Columbus' bones, you penguin!" she repeated firmly. "They are in the Cathedral in this town and you know that perfectly well. It's in the guide book. And that's where the criminals will meet—at the bones."

"But why there?" I inquired dumbly. For my part, bones revolt me, and I didn't care about seeing them at all.

"Well, where else would they?" she retorted scathingly. "Mostly the bones are shut up in a box, but today is a feast



WE HEARD VOICES BELOW US, AND CROUCHED ABOVE THE LADDER, STRAINING OUR EARS

day and they are open to the public. There will be a mob in the Cathedral and no one will ever notice a small matter like a smugglers' party. It's the best place they could possibly meet."

Baffled by Scatter's uncanny habit of always knowing everything about everything I merely nodded my head to her superior wisdom.

"But," I protested, "what will we do if we catch them in the act? I'm sure the policemen here won't speak English, and if we try to explain out of the Spanish phrase book everyone will know that we are crazier than Horny Owl thinks you are. So what good will it do to catch them?"

"Say nothing at the moment," replied Scatter loftily, "but allow them to return to the ship. Then when we are within twelve miles of the United States territory of Porto Rico, tell the purser and he can grab them smoothly."

At this point a fat stewardess who had been hovering about us stepped up and conveyed the message that the doctor was ready to look down our throats. Scatter

was examined first and rushed off to collect Ant and lead her through the ordeal preparatory to going ashore. She returned crestfallen. Ant refused at any cost to take to the bounding deep in the small boat provided for the trip ashore, and on no account might we go unchaperoned.

The day promised to be a total failure and we leaned drearily on the rail, gazing across the tumbling mile of waves to where the wreck of the old cruiser *Memphis* lay rusting below the citadel, and reviewing the pleasures we must forswear.

"Bones," Scatter listed them gloomily, "and earthquakes, and markets of melons, and donkeys with panniers on their backs, and most important of all, smugglers. Frosty, it isn't fair when I specially need them in my rest cure."

"We might get a stewardess to chaperone us," I suggested after ponderous thought. "Ask Ant."

Which Scatter did and Ant was willing and we became agog on the spot.

"We'll take that fat, smooth one that took us to the doctor," decided Scatter swiftly. "She's knobs to look at, but might be easy to slip if the need arises."

So all was very well and, with the fat stewardess, looking rather thoughtful, in tow, we leaped precariously from the outboard stairway to the surging deck of the little launch which rocked alongside. The Spanish Lad was not aboard, but Horny Owl was sitting up front near the chauffeur. She gave us a hard glance, which changed into one of repulsion as Scatter lost her balance and fell into her lap. She apologized in the manner that might be expected of a maniac and inquired for the Spaniard.

Horny Owl didn't answer for a moment and we saw suspicions arising thick within her. Finally she said that he had gone ashore on an earlier boat. The plot thickened and Scatter nudged me ecstatically, fairly panting with excitement.

The little boat pitched and heaved in the high sea, but

presently we ran into the mouth of a river and up its sheltered reaches to the landing place at the custom house.

Once ashore I found that Columbus' bones revolted me even as I had foreseen they would, although Scatter still professed an avid interest in them. Horny Owl had ridden to the Cathedral in the same auto with us and she and Scatter pressed close up in the crowd around the shrine wherein lay the sacred relics, while I roamed about exploring chapels and waiting for morbid interest to be satisfied. The stewardess, torn between the two of us, shuttled back and forth between bones and chapels, and finally planted herself, a monumental white statue of respectability, in a pew midway between our separate fields of operation.

Therefore she was in as good a position to observe what happened as I. And the happening was Horny Owl, escaped from Scatter's vigilance, and the Spanish Lad, hobnobbing behind a pillar with a villainous looking beggar, the kind that sells coconuts and is always armed with a machete.

My first thought was to

tell Scatter. Spotting her glowing hair close to the shrine I dove through the crowd, elbowing and shoving my way, seized her unceremoniously and dragged her forth.

"The purser!" I demanded. "Where is he at? Horny Owl! Behind that pillar!"

And even as I spoke I spied the tall form of the purser, wraithlike in his white uniform. He was just striding forth into the hot sunshine beyond the open door of the Cathedral and he was talking affably with a distinguished-looking, elderly gentleman, his hand on his arm, most intimate and friendly.

As one girl, Scatter and I proceeded to force our way through the crowd toward the glimmer of heat beyond the coolness of the church. But we were faced with disappointment. The purser, true to his wraithlike appearance, had vanished as completely as if he had never been and, what was worse, we saw, rounding the far corner of the street in a swift motor car, Horny Owl and the Spanish Lad!

Pursuit was out of the question and we returned drearily to the interior of the Cathedral and found matters even more complicated. Our fat chaperone had also disappeared!

"Mysteriouser and mysteriouser," remarked Scatter. "Three disappearances in three minutes. I wonder if Columbus has stayed put? Who had we better start sleuthing first, Frosty?"

"Now look here, Scat," quoth I firmly, "I'm fed up with bones and smugglers. We came on this trip for a rest cure and I'm beginning to be all for letting the purser catch his own criminals unassisted by us, even if they have looked at your hair and called it by name."

Scatter stiffened at this remark. It was rather near the border line, but after a moment's thought she decided not to take offense.

"All right," she said. "We'll forget them for the rest of the day, and our stewardess having forgotten us, we ought to have ourselves a time. Personally I crave a ride on one of those donkeys with the panniers (Continued on page 33)



"SCATTER!" I YELLED. "THERE'S BEEN SOMEONE HERE!" SCAT SAT UP GROGGILY IN BED

You're as Big as You Look

SOMEHOW, for some reason probably connected with ideas of chivalry and romance and a yen to be protected and admired, a girl never seems to mind how little she is. But how she does hate to be big.

Of course from the decorative standpoint it's as bad to be too short or too thin as it is to be too tall or too plump. Big girls can give their clothes a chance which little girls are not able to. The larger canvas offers opportunities which the miniature can never rival. The mistake which big girls usually make, however, is to try to scale themselves down all the time instead of accepting their size as a fact and then making the most—or the least—of it.

Naturally, if you're too plump because you stuff yourself with sweets or don't take enough exercise, that's for you to correct. It's definitely unwise, however, for a young girl to set up for herself an excessive ideal of thinness. Unwise because it's an unlovely aim—and also because it's apt to be a dangerous one. No reducing scheme should ever be attempted except under a doctor's supervision, for the results may be disastrous and far-reaching.

No matter how big you are—tall or over-plump—I contend that you can look well if you put your mind to it. But the first thing you have to do is to get a picture of yourself as you are, to gauge your canvas, and then work out the decorative scheme. Don't go trying to correct yourself into something little or cute or whimsyish. That's like a stunning police dog trying to look like a silly little Peke. Don't apologize to the public for your size. Don't go about trying to compress yourself and fade into backgrounds. Be your size—with assurance and dignity and taste—and you'll be decorative.

One of the first things for a big girl to learn about getting the right effect is to *scale* her clothes. Details should not be too large—that increases her apparent bulk—nor too small—that calls attention to it by contrast. Hats, for example, should be neither cartwheels nor very tight turbans. Gloves should be neither floppy nor skin tight. Skirts should not sweep the ground nor show too much of the legs. Sleeves should not be enormous nor totally lacking. Collars

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

Good Looks Editor, *Woman's Home Companion*

Illustration by Katherine Shane Bushnell

should not be of the deep bertha type nor should they be so tiny as to make the top of the body look huge by comparison. Try to find a happy medium in all these things. Fabrics and furs should be as flat and dull

as possible since bulk and shine are definitely enlarging.

The way in which the mass of the costume is broken up is of great importance. As you have probably discovered for yourself, a surface looks big if it's unbroken. It also looks big if it's broken up too much. The important thing is to divide it strategically. The slightly fitted coat, for example, with a few seams to carry the eye up and down, is usually successful. Long, moderately narrow collars, V shaped vestees or necklines and flat lengthwise trimming details on sleeves are excellent. Belts should not be too wide nor too prominent. Their placing in relation to the costume as a whole should be studied with care. For the larger girl a point just below the normal waistline is usually best.

The case of plain versus patterned fabrics is an interesting one, from the standpoint of the proper breaking up of surfaces. Of course, large patterned designs are unfortunate. They are noticeable and they make you look big. On the other hand, my experience is that a noticeable weave or a small pattern is better than an absolutely plain surface. Fine diagonal woolens, flat ribbed silks or wools or small patterned silks are excellent. Even tweeds may be worn nicely if they are not too bulky.

Of course, as I've said, you should avoid bulk and shine. You should also be careful in choosing fabrics to get those that fall in nice folds, tailor flatly and do not cling. Both stiff materials, like taffeta or organ-die, that stand out from the body, and very soft ones that cling too much, like some knit fabrics, are unfortunate.

Fit is a little more important to large girls than to little or thin ones. They can, if they like, wear their clothes a little loose and a little casual, but the large girl must be-

ware of this as well as of the other extreme of the tight fit. Which of these two fitting faults is worse for her I do not know but I do know that there are four points at which her clothes must be right—the neckline, the upper arm, the bust, and the seat. Too often a neckline is too wide or too loose. See that your dresses are cut high enough at the (Continued on page 47)



A BIG GIRL SHOULD LEARN TO SCALE HER CLOTHES. DETAILS SHOULD BE NEITHER TOO LARGE NOR TOO SMALL

EDITH BALLINGER PRICE, a favorite "American Girl" author, has written a new and unusual Girl Scout story



RITA NIBBLED. "I COULDN'T STAND IT," SHE SAID, "MAKING A FOOL OF MYSELF!"

RITA PICKETT was fifteen, and not quite so beautiful as she imagined herself to be. She did have a nicely shaped face and handsome dark eyes, but she certainly didn't need to put on so much rouge and lipstick, for her own color was quite good enough already. But a movie star ought to tend her beauty carefully. Her slender, immaculate hands should move gracefully among the myriad crystal bottles on her dressing table. And a movie star was exactly what Rita wanted to be. Not only did she think it would be nice to have four thousand dollars a week given her merely for looking beautiful; she also longed to have millions of people thrown into spasms of adoration by her marvelous acting. "Rita Rio!" How it would look in the electric letters above the theaters! For, of course, "Pickett" would never do. Not that she wasn't perfectly proud of her father—Herman G. Pickett, Realtor. He was going to put Sentinel Corners on the map. Gosh, it needed it! After the bustle of the middle-sized city where Rita had always lived, this place seemed like the tomb.

She threw the movie magazine she had been reading against the sofa cushions, and went to gaze out at the screen door of the brand new Tudor bungalow which Mr. Pickett had built in the middle of a field to show people what one of his new developments would look like. It was mid-October—a grand day of blue sky and golden land, with a smoke of haze in the hollows of the stubble fields, where ripe pumpkins gleamed out like enormous oranges. The view bored Rita beyond all words. But her eyes brightened as she saw the rather stout form of her father clamber from his sedan and start up the new path—a quite obvious two-pound box of chocolates beneath his arm.

"Sorry to be late, girlie," he hailed her fondly. He worshiped everything about her, remembering her mother who was dead, and there was nothing on earth he would not do for her. "Sorry to be late. I was just looking over that place I got yesterday—the old feed store. I gave the widow two hundred for it, and she thinks that's plenty. But, oh boy, I guess I can fix it up to be a regular gold mine!"

Rita was withdrawing the candy box from under his arm. "Thanks, Dad," she smiled. "How are you going to work that?"

"Some kind of committee of women held me up," proceeded Mr. Pickett, "and told me how they were crazy to get the building for the Girl Scouts. It seems they haven't

got any meeting place—Grange Hall's in the next township, the school's all full of screwed-down desks, the church hasn't any parish house. They talked a whole lot of bunk about the community, and the Good of the Girls, and so forth."

If there was anything that bored Rita more than the view of the pumpkins, it was the idea of Girl Scouting as an occupation. Tying bowknots, and playing *Hunt the Slipper* until somebody blew a whistle!

"Ye gods!" she said. "You don't think you'll make a gold mine out of it giving it to the Girl Scouts, do you?"

"Let me finish," said her parent. "These women held me up on the doorstep, I tell you, with all this talk. Well, I told 'em I was going to turn Bascom's feed store into something that would do the community a whole lot more good than keeping it for a place where girls could blow bugles in. Let 'em go out in the woods and blow bugles, I said, and out back of the house and make bonfires, I said, if they got to. My girl gets along happy and healthy, I said, without those things. In fact, she hasn't any use for Girl Scouting—and what she thinks goes with me too, I told 'em."

Mr. Pickett was getting quite oratorical, and Rita patted him admiringly. "I told 'em," he proceeded, "that I was going to make that place into 'Ye Sentinel Waffle Shoppe and Filling Station.' I'm going to put the Sentinel on the map, just like the Minute Men at Concord."

"Who was their precious sentinel, anyway?" Rita wondered.

"Back in the Revolution," Mr. Pickett said, "he kept awake thirty-six hours at the crossroads, and then warned the farmers when the redcoats were coming. That's why it's Sentinel Corners. Don't you see the swell story there? I'm going to sell that idea to half the country."

"Did you sell it to the committee women?" Rita inquired, biting into her third chocolate.

"I did not," Mr. Pickett said gloomily. "I pointed out their main street to 'em, and showed how I was planning to develop it with modern store fronts and maybe even get a hotel built—they said they thought it looked pretty the way it was, with the white church steeple at one end and the white town hall at the other, and a lot of elm trees in between. I suggested cutting those trees and making a four lane highway through there, but all they said to that was they hoped my daughter'd care to join the Girl Scout troop, and wished me good day!"

"They can keep on hoping," Rita said. "Imagine! The whole idea of Girl Scouting is dumb enough—Good Turns, and carrying parcels for old women! But among a lot of hicks like there are here—" Rita had no words for the dumbness of Scouting in Sentinel Corners. She solaced herself with another chocolate cream.

Rita had been desperately lonely since her father had decided that this village needed a boom, and had moved his headquarters to its quiet. She had left a lively high school crowd—movie fans all—and in the few weeks since school opened here, had found not a soul to take their place.

But she recognized the wide grins, sunburned faces, and wind-blown hair of two girls who, to her surprise, knocked at the door later that afternoon. They both wore the gray-green uniforms which Rita thought so unstylish, and their shoes were dusty. Rita raised her eyebrows in a becoming arch, and said: "Ah, some of the Girl Scouts, I believe. How nice of you!"

"I'm Peggy Shaw," said one of them, "and this is Marjorie Wrenn. We're patrol leaders in Bayberry Troop. I guess you've seen us in school. We're in some of your classes."

Rita and the Bayberries

"I believe I have," said Rita. "You both look familiar."
"Grand day, isn't it?" Peggy grinned. "It's so clear."

"So it is," Rita agreed, looking out. "I really hadn't noticed."

"Quite a little frost in the low ground last night," Marjorie said, rubbing the dust from one shoe against the back of the other stocking.

"My soul, they'll be talking about the crops next!" thought Rita. The three girls were still standing uncomfortably at the door.

"The fact is," Peggy pushed on hastily, "we've heard that you're very much interested in dramatics, and that you act marvelously—and we're having a play next month—and we wondered whether maybe you'd help us by being in it."

"We'd love to have you," Marjorie added. "You must miss all the doings in the city."

Rita thought hard and fast. "Come in!" she cried, after hardly a moment's pause. "Sit down! Do have a chocolate!" Her eyes flashed. Here was a chance, tumbling out of the blue. A chance to shine out in such bright contrast to these village girls that her first conquest would be made. Rapt, the population of Sentinel Corners would gasp "Rita Rio!" as she came out for bow after bow. She needn't have anything to do with the dumb Girl Scout troop, except to come graciously in for rehearsals. Her mind was made up on the instant, but she wasn't going to seem too eager.

"A play?" she said. "How ambitious!"

"It's not just us," Peggy told her. "There are a couple of boys in it, and Pete Townsend's dog."

"Oh, the poor boys—to be put at the end with the dog!" Rita pealed with genuine laughter.

"We've just come from troop meeting," Marjorie went on. "We decided to ask you in Court of Honor, and Wequicket agreed."

"That's the captain," Peggy explained. "She's called that after an Indian chief there used to be around here. And she's wee and quick, so it fits. We didn't have time to begin rehearsing this afternoon, because we were finishing up outdoor things—a lot of us were on the last gasp of our nature projects. I've been chipping away at rocks all summer, and Marge knows more about stars than she could tell in a week, and Lou Randall has written the life history of a common mud turtle that's as thrilling as a novel and would bring tears to your eyes."

"This was almost the last outdoor meeting, worse luck," Marjorie put in. "We thought maybe this winter we were going to be able to have the old feed store to meet in, but—"

Peggy pinched her friend swiftly. "Well," she said consolingly, "we'll soon be starting hospital work down at the dispensary with Miss Lewis, and home planning with Mr. Rice—if he'll really let us into his draughting room."

"We ought to ask Mr. Pickett to help us with that," Marjorie murmured. "He's so good at changing old things into new ones."

Rita looked rather bewildered. "I thought Girl Scouting was just games, and marching around," she said. The patrol leaders grinned.

"If you don't mind marching up to my house tomorrow at three," Marjorie said, "that's when and where the first rehearsal is to be—in our kitchen. It's the biggest available room in Sentinel Corners. We'll look for you—and we are so glad you'll come and help us."

In Mrs. Wrenn's large and friendly old farm kitchen, Bayberry Troop, the two boys and Pete Townsend's dog were assembling. Wequicket, as captain and coach, was sorting out parts, and looked up to join in the murmur of welcome

that met Rita Pickett. She stood in the door, wearing a mysterious smile that was meant to resemble Greta Garbo's in her happier moments. But the pose was not allowed to last long, for she was hustled forward to meet the captain to whom the Bayberries gave such an outlandish name. Rita saw a small, bright-eyed, and not very pretty woman in a baggy tweed suit, and dismissed her at once—all of a piece with the rest of the place.

"So you're going to help us out," Wequicket smiled. "You're so dark and pretty, we thought you might be Madame de Chaleur—she's a titled Frenchwoman, a spy. It's quite an exciting part."

"A part I should adore!" Rita cried, really flattered. "And exactly my type!"

"So we thought," Wequicket agreed, still smiling.

Rita sat down on the edge of a table and began reading the part which was handed to her. "Oh, horror. French speeches in it," she said to herself. She took a hasty look around the room. "Oh, well, I'll take a chance. I'll bet there's not a soul here that'll know the difference." She raised her eyebrows, as Madame de Chaleur, while she read, but the effect was spoiled by Pete Townsend's dog, a large and hairy Airedale, suddenly leaping up and licking the eyebrow in question.

Pete himself was shouting his part from the stage end of the kitchen, with no self-consciousness, certainly, while the other boy, Jeff Shaw, was amusing himself and others by at-

Illustrations by the author

"MY SOUL, THEY'LL BE TALKING ABOUT THE CROPS IN A MINUTE!" THOUGHT RITA



tempting to play jazz on a jew's-harp. As nothing could be distinguished but one buzzing drone, it was impossible to tell whether jazz or a dirge was intended. Jeff was a tall, brown boy, with a solemn face and blue eyes by no means solemn. He pocketed the instrument of torture and sat down by Rita.

"Do you mind these Bayberries?" he inquired.

"Mind?" she repeated, forgetting to look like Greta Garbo.

"Their ways," he said. "They're so terribly busy. Always busy at something. Some of 'em are my sisters. It's quite handy to have 'em so useful—for a lazy guy like me. For instance—" He sniffed deeply. A pleasant warm bakery smell filled the kitchen, and it was discovered that Norma Hutton was watching over an ovenful of cookies with which to regale the actors later on. She and Barby Frye had come early and made them from ingredients supplied by the troop—here an egg, there a cup of butter, yonder a measure of flour. The system was explained to Rita, who seemed impressed.

Then Wequicket commanded order, and the rehearsal began in earnest. Rita had privately thought that, with her wide knowledge of movie technique and her constant reading of screen news, she would be of as much value to coach as to act. But when she stopped Jeff in the middle of his lines to say, "I think it would look far better if he came in from the *other* side," Peggy said: "The book says 'enter left' and anyway, if he came in right he'd have his back to the heroine." Wequicket said, "No interruptions, please!" and Rita bit her lip.

Then came Rita's own entry, which she achieved with her finest Hollywood manner, and—oh horror—those French words! She cast another look about her at the cheerful faces of the Bayberries. No French, so far as she had yet discovered, was taught in that little school at the four corners. Rita scowled at the book and jabbered in a halting sing song: "Ah monseer, kwel pleasure! Depwis kwand eets voos icky!"

The extremely French arch of her brows, she knew, would carry anything with a Sentinel Corners' audience. Jeff Shaw, the "monseer" in question, grew rather red, and looked even funnier than he had playing the jew's-harp. There was a little silence, and Wequicket broke it by saying: "Let's just leave the French for the present. It isn't really necessary, and a lot of people wouldn't understand it."

Madame de Chaleur not speaking any French—not impressing this village! Rita pouted.

"Well, I was sick the term they had French," she said, and wondered again if Jeff's face really looked like that all the time.

Lou Randall stepped quickly forward and whispered. "I'll help you with it if we can get together afterward. *Ab monsieur, quel plaisir! Depuis quand êtes-vous ici?*" As if it were needful to apologize, she added, "You see, I just happen to have been cramming on French for my Interpreter's Badge. Girl Scouting—" she explained, as Rita looked blank.

"Let's get on," Wequicket called. "Just skip that.

Come on, Pete and Ellen. Pete, you'll never get that animal to behave, and I must say he doesn't look any too much like a Russian wolfhound."

"If you know any better Borzoi in Walton County, you go catch him!" grinned Pete, restraining the Airedale.

The rehearsal proceeded by fits and starts. Little by little it became disagreeably apparent to Rita that everyone else was acting rather better than herself—with more assurance, with more control, with clearer diction. They must have worked together a lot. They must have *worked*. After all, what had Rita ever done but pose before a mirror? Her lines came more and more haltingly; she skipped the French, she made awkward gestures, she turned her back on the audience. Wequicket brought her up short in the middle of a posturing entry, to say, "Try that again! Not quite so much exaggeration."

Rita threw down her part. "If you asked me here to be the star," she cried, "I'm not going to be criticized every minute." She drew her shoulders up in scornful hauteur, and pushed her way out to the door.

Once in the stony lane she ran, tripping and stumbling in her high heels—the more so that her path was dimmed by tears. Nor could Marjorie and Lou, who ran their fastest after her, persuade her to return to the scene of her humiliation. She shook them off, and hurried on blindly to the Tudor bungalow, where Mr. Pickett was smoking a cigar on the porch.

"Take me away from this dump!" she sobbed. "They only asked me to act in their old play in order to shame me. They all act better'n I do—and I know it, and that's why I'm mad!"

Mr. Herman G. Pickett was mad, too. Such was his love for his only child, that he was willing to sacrifice the golden profits of the Sentinel Corners boom and take her back to the city. They were talking about it in all seriousness, after supper on the piazza, when Jeff Shaw leaned over the gate and hailed Rita.

"Thought you might like to take a little walk," he suggested, clicking the latch open and shut. Rita had half a mind to rise with dignity and retreat into the house. But, after all, it probably wasn't his fault. It was those Girl Scouts. She rose, with dignity, and walked down the path to the gate.

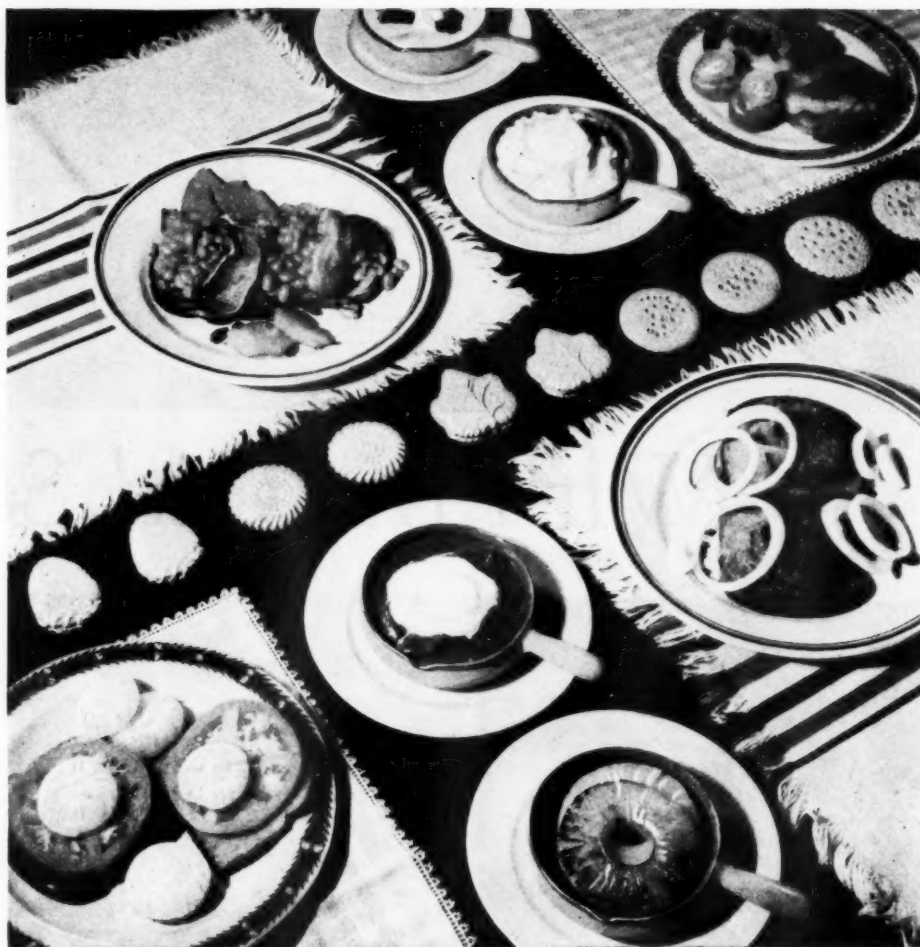
The October loveliness of burnished evening was richly upon the stubble land. Stillness and golden light, with never a sound but a cricket in the meadow, and the trill of a brook running somewhere far off. Jeff trudged beside Rita, tall and brown and solemn, and his face didn't look funny any more.

"We were sorry you beat it so fast this afternoon," he said awkwardly. "Peggy—my sister, you know—she feels awfully badly over it. Here," he added suddenly, extending a large hand, full of cookies, "I snitched some the girls made."

Rita nibbled. "I couldn't stand it," she said. "Making a fool of myself! They did it to make a fool of me, (Continued on page 42)



"AH, MONSEER, KWEL PLEASURE! DEPWIS KWAND EETS VOOS ICKY!"



A HOT TOASTED SANDWICH, WITH COOKIES AND A DESSERT, MAKES A SATISFYING MEAL ON A CHILLY NIGHT

Hot Sandwiches for Supper

LAST year when the days began to shorten and the cold began to strengthen, I built several quick

supper menus about hot sandwiches as the main dish and found them so easy to make but yet so delicious that I am passing them on to you, as suggestions when it is your turn to prepare a quick supper. All of the sandwiches are hearty, open-faced affairs and are served on toast.

A menu built around a sandwich should be balanced as well as any other. That is, it should contain proteins, carbohydrates, fats, minerals, and vitamins in sufficient amounts. It should also balance in texture, color and flavor. Thus a menu should not consist of all soft foods, of all hard foods, or all crisp foods but of a judicious mixture of the three. The flavor of the dishes should also vary—bland flavors and piquant flavors alternating in the different courses. The colors also should blend, harmonize and contrast.

So I have given not only recipes for the main dish but have in each case completed the menu, and given recipes for accompanying salads and desserts.

Hot Onion Sandwich

Put a tablespoon of fat in a saucepan. Peel and slice one large onion or three or four small ones, and add them to

By WINIFRED MOSES

the hot fat. Sprinkle the onions with salt and cover them well with water.

Cook them uncovered until the onions

are tender and the water has evaporated, but be very careful not to overcook them. In the meantime, toast two slices of bread, butter and sprinkle with salt. Place them side by side on a plate and pour the onion on top. This serves one. It may be improved by two slices of crisp bacon.

To convert this into a creamed onion sandwich, add a half cup of rich milk when the onion is tender. Cream together a teaspoon of flour and an equal amount of butter and dilute to a smooth paste with a little of the hot milk. Pour into the saucepan and stir until it boils. Pour over the toast.

To balance the menu, serve with pepper relish or some other kind of pickle, a cabbage salad, and a custard or fruit dessert.

Hot Ham Sandwich

Chop enough cold boiled ham to make half a cup. To this add the yolk of one egg beaten until very light. Add a little mustard and a dash of cayenne. Put about a teaspoon of fat in the frying pan, add the ham mixture and stir until the egg is set. Serve at once (Continued on page 48)



OCTOBER DAYS ARE FINE RIDING DAYS, AND HERE AT STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT IS ANOTHER OF THE INCREASING NUMBER OF MOUNTED GIRL SCOUT TROOPS

With the Girl Scouts



When fall days come, Girl Scouts, home from camp and vacations, begin their troop activities once more—and, of course, one of the most important of these is the celebration of Girl Scout Week from October twenty-third to twenty-ninth

HER FIRST AID KNOWLEDGE WAS PRACTISED ON "PADDY" (ABOVE) BY HIS MISTRESS, A NEW ORLEANS GIRL SCOUT, WHEN HE FRACTURED HIS LEG. AND SHE LEARNED HOW TO BIND IT UP IN JUST SUCH A COURSE AS THE GIRLS OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA, AT THE RIGHT, ARE TAKING



ON GIRL SCOUT SUNDAY THESE GIRLS OF SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS ATTENDED THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. THERE WERE ALSO CATHOLIC AND JEWISH SERVICES THAT DAY



—Out-of-doors and In



FALL EVENINGS ARE THE TIME FOR MUSIC. IT IS FUN TO GATHER AROUND A PIANO AND SING OLD CAMP SONGS AND, PERHAPS, INVENT NEW ONES. BELOW, A BROWNIE DOES HER BIT—ONLY ONE OF THE MANY WAYS OF BEING HELPFUL DURING GIRL SCOUT WEEK—AND SETS THE TABLE ON "MOTHER'S DAY OFF"



OCTOBER, TO THESE BROWNIES OF PORTO RICO, ISN'T FALL—BUT THEY KNOW THAT IT'S THE MONTH OF GIRL SCOUT WEEK





THE CENTER GIRL REPRESENTED THE UNITED STATES IN A PAGEANT GIVEN BY SWISS GIRL GUIDES AT THE OPENING OF "OUR CHALET" IN SWITZERLAND IN JULY

October—the Girl

What with Girl Scout Week, Juliette Low's activities after summer holidays, October

canning fruits or vegetables for the family welfare association, day nursery duty, orphanage or settlement house activities.

Saturday is Health Day, and since the Girl Scout idea of health is embodied in a positive program based on outdoor living, cleanliness and simple diets as well as preparedness against accidents, the celebration of this day might take the form of games in a public park, a well-planned hike, visits to city sanitation or board of health departments to see how civic health is maintained, a demonstration of health tests given by some board of health official or prominent doctor, first aid demonstrations in Little Houses and drug stores, suggestions for diets for children and girls of Girl Scout age.

by a dramatic instructor. The parents and friends were invited to this pageant as the guests of the Girl Scouts and seemed to enjoy every minute of it.

One of the finest pieces of community service carried on recently was the making of flower gardens at every Girl Scout home. The Middletown Garden Club presented each girl with four packages of flower seed which she was to take to her own plot of ground, plant, water and cultivate. In September a very successful flower show was held, to which the public was invited. The flowers were all simple, hardy blooms, although any girl could branch out by buying for herself any other flower seed of any variety.

Service to the Community

Middletown, New York Girl Scouts have been carrying out an excellent community service program. Each girl has collected and saved pennies to be used for buying toys for the Day Nursery. A little ceremony was held when the pennies were presented, and the small children from the Day Nursery were the honor guests on that occasion. The younger Girl Scouts made scrap books for the Day Nursery children to amuse them on rainy days.

Other groups of Girl Scouts kept the local directors supplied with baby kits to be used in homes where provision had not been made for the baby. It was really an emergency kit and when the supplies in each kit are exhausted more are added so that it can be used again.

The girls also made garments for the Needlework Guild, the older ones working on the more difficult clothes, and the smaller children making the simplest things.

The colored Girl Scouts of Middletown gave a pageant, which was directed

They Met at the Governor's Mansion

Mrs. Frank Spiller, local director of the Austin, Texas Girl Scouts writes to us

OUR STAR REPORTER

The best news report of the month about Girl Scout activities is published in this space, and the writer of it wins the distinction of being the Star Reporter of the month and receives a book as an award.

To be eligible for the Star Reporter's Box, a story must be not more than three hundred words in length or less than two hundred. It should tell "American Girl" readers the following things: What was the event? When did it happen? Who participated? What made it interesting? Do not give lists of names except as they are essential.

OUR Star Reporter this month is Jessie Curtis of Ridley Park, Pennsylvania. She writes about how the Ridley Park Girl Scouts spent Sunday of Girl Scout Week last year.

"We went to our own churches in the morning. In every church the Girl Scouts marched to the front, led by the color bearer and color guards. After the color bearer placed the flag in the stand the girls took their seats in the front pew.

"In the afternoon we were driven to Valley Forge. When we arrived there we went to the Washington Memorial. When this is completed it will include the Cloister of Colonies, Memorial Chapel, Patriots' Hall, Morris Tower and Washington Library. The chapel is the only building completed so far.

"At the chapel are large bells representing the states. Several hymns and *The Star Spangled Banner* were played on these chimes. After this we walked through the chapel. Each window and pew there is a memorial to some patriot.

"Then we went to Washington's headquarters. We saw Washington's office, the dining room and the kitchen. We also examined the underground passageway. Upstairs there are three bedrooms. The rooms, which were furnished with colonial things, were very interesting.

"The last place we went to was the tower at the summit of Mount Joy. We parked our cars and climbed to the top. You can see miles in every direction, and the scenery certainly was beautiful that day. By then it was time to leave, so we got into our cars and started home. On the way out of Valley Forge we saw two interesting things—the odd-looking oven built partly underground, and the hospital. The operating table was made only of boards, and the beds and bunks of tree trunks."

Scouts' Own Month

birthday and the beginning of many new fall seems to belong especially to Girl Scouts

about a Girl Scout party her girls had at the Executive Mansion during Girl Scout Week.

"Imagine being the guests of the 'First Lady' of the state, with no other celebrities to take away from the glory of the occasion. That pleasant experience was part of Girl Scout Week here. Mrs. Dan Moody, wife of the governor of Texas, entertained the Girl Scouts and their leaders at the Executive Mansion from four until five-thirty o'clock. The girls sat Indian fashion on the floors of the state parlors and enjoyed a typical troop meeting, with Girl Scout songs, games and some lovely poems taken from *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. After the meeting the girls were permitted to wander about over the historic old mansion, so filled with reminders of the thrilling history of Texas.

"The captains and lieutenants assisted Mrs. Moody in serving refreshments in the state dining room, which was all aglow with candles and roses and happy faces. Over three hundred Girl Scouts were present, and each of them took away a never-to-be-forgotten picture of the beauty and dignity of the mansion and the graciousness and friendliness of its charming mistress."

Chicago Girls Had an Exhibit

Virginia Roos, a member of Troop Two of the Chicago Girl Scouts writes to us about a booth Chicago Girl Scouts had at the Health and Educational Exhibit at the Chicago Coliseum.

"The main attraction of the booth was the Girl Scout Trail, with handicraft, nature and *THE AMERICAN GIRL* to add interest. Four girls in the booth each afternoon and

evening did block printing and handicraft.

"The Girl Scout Trail, made by leaders of the Northwest District, embodies the spirit and reflects the truth of Girl Scouting. The Trail, through the medium of small dolls made of wire and crepe paper and dressed in green paper uniforms, pictures the trail from Tenderfoot to Golden Eaglet. It has been the inspiration of many Girl Scouts and the admiration of many strangers.

"The Clown Circus, a health skit, was presented by six Girl Scouts in honor of Girls' Day. The girls, dressed as clowns, acted peppy and recited verses pertaining to health."

These Girl Scouts Make Jelly

Troop Sixteen of the Springfield, Massachusetts Girl Scouts has had an excellent opportunity to combine a little entertaining with homemaking, or at least cooking. Miss Hazel Amidon writes to us about a course in jelly making her girls took.

"They met at the Olivet Community House and took advantage of opportunities for service or for educational purposes. Miss Proctor of the Certo Company had offered the girls the course, and furnished the materials for the opening lessons. After a little knowledge of the actual job of jam and jelly making had been obtained by actually doing the work they were to have a chance to learn demonstrating and to give an actual demonstration. There was no trouble in getting together a class. All the girls wanted to try.

"An outline was drawn up for the demonstration team. Each girl was given a recipe book. She brought her own equipment of apron, towel, holder, wooden

THE BIRTHDAY OF JULIETTE LOW, OUR FOUNDER, COMES THIS MONTH



spoon, measuring cup and large kettle.

"For three meetings jelly was made and put away in the supply cupboard. The next meeting was a mother's meeting. Here the girls gave their demonstration. The girls made sandwiches from the jellies, learning to combine other things to make tasty new combinations. They also made cocoa and had cookies. The table was daintily decorated with colorful flowers and candles.

"The next lesson was a cookie lesson. The girls learned to make filled cookies, using the jellies already made at previous lessons. The next few times the girls were allowed to make anything they wished to try from the recipe book. They brought their own materials and took home their jelly. From their own accounts, it didn't last long. Everybody in the family seemed to like it too well.

"The girls worked in groups of two and each furnished half the material, taking home half the finished jelly. The girls came from our four troops which meet at the South Church or the Community House, thereby giving quite a number of troops a chance to take advantage of this knowledge.

"We used the last of the jelly at a Mother and Daughter meeting for the whole of Troop Sixteen. The mothers all thought the results very satisfactory, and not a sandwich remained at the end of the meeting."

"Our Chalet" Is Open

You will all be interested to know that the Chalet at Adelboden, Switzerland, provided for the Girl Scouts and Girl Guides of all nations through the generosity of Mrs. James Storrow, was formally opened on Sunday, July thirty-first with an impressive ceremony.

The guests of honor at the ceremony were the Chief Scout and Guide of the World, Lord and Lady Baden-Powell, and there were also present the members of the Guide World Committee and the heads of many of the national movements.

The Chalet stands on the green slope of a mountain, looking across the valley to the village of Adelboden. At the back, a path climbs through fir trees and pastures, until it comes to the dark shade of the Grossloher Mountains.



THESE CATHOLIC GIRL SCOUTS ON THEIR WAY TO IRELAND VISITED THE GIRL SCOUT SHOP

WE BEGIN TO FEEL BETTER

During the month of August, stock prices went up and New York suicides went down, taking their opposite courses at almost exactly the same rate. Not only Manhattan, where the gloom had been blackest, but the country as a whole felt more cheerful. The principal reasons were: Congress had passed a bill that almost balanced the budget; R. F. C., a "First Aid to Industries" corporation created by the Federal government, had toned up railroads, insurance companies and other vital industries with much needed loans; the values of cotton, wheat and hogs had risen spectacularly, and the tide of gold had turned back to the United States instead of away from it. Last spring



Europe had so little faith in our ability to weather the storm that she began to exchange our paper money and securities which she held for gold, draining the yellow metal from our treasuries. When, in spite of this, we held firm and did not go under, Europe changed her mind about us and began again to invest in our industries. This was one of the first steps toward a slow return of business confidence.

THE CAMPAIGN WARMS UP

With President Hoover's speech accepting the Presidential nomination, delivered in Constitution Hall on August eleventh, the campaign got into full swing. The speech, as a whole, was well received by the nation and, in the opinion of many observers, won a good many friends for the President. That part of it which aroused most interest was his pronouncement on prohibition. He declared that prohibition had shown itself to be a failure and that he, personally, was in favor of a change. If the control of the liquor traffic, however, should be returned to the states, he feels that those states which wish to remain dry should be protected by federal laws against invasions of liquor from wet states. He is opposed both to the continuance of the present regime of the bootlegger and the



speakeasy or to a return to the old saloon system. The President's speech split the dry forces. The W. C. T. U. and the Anti-Saloon League declared themselves against both Hoover and Roosevelt, but Dr. Daniel A. Poling, head of the Allied Forces for Prohibition, declared in favor of Hoover, believing that his election would "safeguard the gains made under prohibition". Vice-president Curtis, Republican candidate for re-election, declared in a speech that he was against repeal of the Prohibition amendment, though in that matter he would bow to the will of the majority.

OUR NEIGHBORS HAVE THEIR TROUBLES

South America still boils with revolutions and threats of war. The new government

What's Happening?

By MARY DAY WINN

in Chile has apparently settled down, for the time being, to a very mild form of socialism, but Brazil is still aflame. In the month of August she set out in earnest to subdue her rebel state of Sao Paulo, defeating the revolutionists in a forty-eight hour battle, biggest in her history, in which over ten thousand troops took part. At this writing the rebels are in retreat, though not yet conquered. Meanwhile Bolivia and Paraguay are rattling sabres at each other, indulging in minor skirmishes and threatening war over the possession of the Gran Chaco, or big forest, a tract of land lying between them and claimed by both countries. It is especially desired by Bolivia as almost her only chance for an outlet to the



sea. A large part of this territory is a dense, fever-infested and insect ridden forest, but it is dear to the hearts of Paraguayans, who seem ready to defend it with the last ounce of their blood. They are too young to remember the last war in which their country took part. In 1865-1870 Paraguay fought Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay. She came out of the struggle the defeated remnant of a nation, with five-sixths of her people dead.

SNAP SHOTS

In August a second son was born to Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh . . . Rin Tin Tin, the famous dog star of motion pictures, died in August of old age, and was buried with impressive ceremonies. He was fourteen years old. . . . With his back against the wall, and an infuriated nation howling in front of him, was Cuthbert Harold Blakiston, headmaster of one of England's leading secondary schools, and an old Oxonian. He had just told the British Medical Association that the English school boy of today is a timid, untruthful, easily bored youth who "does not know how to saddle a horse and dresses like a peacock". . . . What would this critic of his own country's youngsters have thought of Hartley De Gerald, thirteen-year-old boy of Chicago, who returned home in August after a pleasure trip alone to the Fiji Islands? Hartley started to travel when he was eight years old. First he went, alone, around the United States. Then he took a trip through the Caribbean. Last summer he went up to the Arctic zone and next summer he plans to visit the Belgian Congo. . . . The first woman to be elected to the Senate of the United States is practically certain to be Mrs. Hattie Caraway, widow of the former

senator from Arkansas. In the recent Democratic primaries in her state she won a sweeping victory for nomination over six men. As the Democratic nominee is always a sure winner in Arkansas, Mrs. Caraway is already beginning to receive congratulations. . . .



State infantry of New Jersey recently planned a little demonstration of their prowess for Governor and Mrs. Arthur Harry Moore. On the parade ground in front of the Governor's house at Seagirt, two hundred guardsmen, dressed in blue overalls and led by a shouting leader, pretended to be rioting workmen intent on attacking the executive mansion. When they were just about to succeed, another group of soldiers, according to schedule, marched against them in gas masks and bombarded them with tear bombs. The attack would have been a great success if at that moment the wind had not shifted and blown the tear gas away from the supposed rioters and right in the faces of Governor Moore and his party as they stood watching.

FEMININE SPORT STARS

Girl headliner of the tenth Olympiad was Mildred ("Babe") Didrikson of Dallas, Texas. She made a world's record with her javelin throw of 143 feet, 4 inches, and followed that with another world's record of 11.7 seconds in the 80 metre hurdles. Another spectacular performer was Helene Madison of Seattle, swimming star, who won the free-style races at 100 and 400 metres. The 100 metre backstroke race was won by Eleanor Holm of New York, and an Olympic record of 4.38 was made in the 400 metre swimming relay by an American team consisting of Josephine McKim, Helen Johns, Eleanor Sayville and Helene Madison. The close of the Olympiad, the best attended and most successful one ever held, saw the United States an easy winner, with a total of 202 points. Italy was next, with 62, Japan third, with 37, Sweden fourth, with 36, and France fifth, with 34. . . . In August, the American Woman's tennis championship crown shifted to the head of Helen Jacobs, who has been working for it for seven years. The former title holder, Helen Wills Moody, did not compete, remaining abroad after carrying off the French and British championships. . . . Two new flying records were established by women in August. Mrs. Frances Marsalis and Mrs. Louise McPhetridge Thaden kept their ship, the *Flying Boudoir*, in the air for eight days, four hours and five minutes. At al-



most the same time Mrs. Amelia Earhart Putnam added to her laurels by being the first woman to make a non-stop, coast to coast flight. Her famous plane zoomed down at Newark just nineteen hours and five minutes after it had left the field in California.



Our New "What-I-Wish" Contest



A YEAR goes around very quickly. It seems only a few months ago, at most, that we were planning our 1931 "What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine" Contest, yet here we are again announcing a new one for 1932! We want to know what our readers, old and new alike, think of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and what kinds of stories and articles they would especially like us to have in the magazine next year. So look over all the copies you have since last October, and fill out the ballot in the next column, and mail it to us so that it will reach this office on or before November fifteenth.

"What 'The American Girl' Has Meant to Me"

That is the procedure if you don't want to compete for a contest prize, but would like to have some voice in the selection of material for your own magazine for the next twelve months. If, however, you want to try for a prize—and we hope all of you will—send in with your ballot an essay of five hundred to one thousand words—not more—on "What *THE AMERICAN GIRL* Has Meant to Me". It may be that, through reading the magazine, you became interested in Girl Scouting; it may be that by some of the articles on athletics you were inspired to learn to swim or play tennis or golf. Or perhaps the various articles on careers for women helped you decide what you want to be after you leave school, or the stories and book reviews may have encouraged you to read more books than you formerly read. These are only a few suggestions. We know there are scores of ways that girls have been helped both to enjoy their leisure and their work through *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Now is your chance to tell what the magazine has meant to you.

The Prizes

There will be three prizes for the three best essays. The first prize will be a silver wrist watch on a leather strap; the second, the new *AMERICAN GIRL* tea set in cream and green—eight plates and eight cups and saucers. You can see what this set looks like if you turn back to the inside front cover of this issue. The third prize will be a fountain pen.

The Judges

Mrs. Josephine Daskam Bacon, author of many books for adults and for girls, and known to *AMERICAN GIRL* readers through her mystery story, *Girl Wanted*, will act as a judge of the Contest. Mr. Arthur McKeogh, Managing Editor of *Good Housekeeping*, will be another judge and a member of the Girl Scout Board of Directors will be a third.

Ballot for 1932

Name
Address
Town State
Age Troop Number
I have been a reader of the magazine for.....
(State number of months or years)

- What is your favorite story in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* since October 1931, and your second favorite? (Nothing that appeared before October 1931 must be mentioned in this or the following four answers)
a. (favorite)
b. (2nd favorite)
- What are your two favorite special articles since October 1931?
a. (favorite)
b. (2nd favorite)
- Who is your favorite *AMERICAN GIRL* author of fiction?
.....
- Who is your favorite *AMERICAN GIRL* artist?
a. (for covers)
b. (for illustrations)
- Who, besides yourself, reads your copy of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*? (check which)
Mother Friends (how many).....
Sisters (how many)..... Others (brothers, aunts, etc., how many).....
- What are your main activities outside of your school work? (Check not more than two)
Athletics Moving pictures.....
Girl Scouting..... The Arts (music, drama, drawing, etc.).....
Reading
Handicraft (sewing, woodcarving, etc.).....
Any other activity (If your main activity comes under none of the above headings, mention it here).....

Please turn page





Our New "What-I-Wish" Contest

Ballot for 1932

7. Which type of book do you read most? (*check which*) Books written for grown-ups..... Books written for girls.....
8. Do you choose your own books and magazines?..... If not, who does?.....
9. What was your favorite issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL last year?..... Why?.....
10. Suppose you could have fifteen things only in THE AMERICAN GIRL every month. Which of the following would you choose? (*You may put more than one check after any item, but the total number of checks must not add up to more than fifteen. Thus, if you want five stories, put five checks after the word "story", and distribute the ten others as you wish. Be sure you use all fifteen checks, so that we will know what you want in THE AMERICAN GIRL.*)

Story

Athletics article

Sewing article

Cooking or household article

Book reviews

Vocational article (to help you choose a career)

Personality article (about some famous person)

Article on how to make things (other than sewing)

Good Looks article

Girl Scouting

Poetry

"Well, of All Things!"

Informative article on the arts (music, painting, etc.)

Article on entertaining (games, social dancing, planning parties, etc.)

"I Am a Girl Who—"

Jokes

"What's Happening?"

Miscellaneous (*If you have not already used your fifteen votes, and would like to add some item that does not appear above, write it here. But, remember, it counts as a vote, just as each of your checks does.*).....



Rules of the Contest

HERE are the rules of the contest. Be sure that you read them over very carefully before filling out the ballot and writing your essay.

1. Every reader of THE AMERICAN GIRL, whether a subscriber or not, is eligible.
2. Both a ballot and an essay must be sent in, *together*, by everyone entering the contest. If, however, any reader would like to vote but does not wish to write the essay, we shall be glad to receive her ballot, although she will not be eligible for any prizes, which will be awarded on the merits of the essays alone. Your full name, age, troop number—if you are a Girl Scout—and address must be at the top of the first page of your letter. Be sure that you give *all* this information, so that your entry will not be disqualified.
3. Vote on the questions of the ballot given here and on the preceding page. Both sides of the ballot must be completely filled out. Cut along the line and mail the ballot with your letter. Or, if you do not wish to cut your magazine, copy the ballot carefully on a separate sheet of paper, being sure to include all the questions, and fill in the answers.
4. Write an essay of between five hundred and a thousand words on the topic "What THE AMERICAN GIRL has Meant to Me."
5. Write your essay in ink, on one side of the paper only. If you have a typewriter, use it.
6. The contest closes on November fifteenth, and ballots must be received in this office on or before that date to be eligible.
7. Address letters to the What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine Contest, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Don't Forget

If you send in an essay it *must* be accompanied by a ballot or it is ineligible for the contest. Those who do not wish to compete for a prize, however, but who want to answer the questions on the ballot, may send in a ballot without an essay.

One more reminder! The contest closes on November fifteenth. No entries received in this office after that date will be considered.

The best way to fill out your ballots is to get together all the back copies you have of THE AMERICAN GIRL and go over them carefully to refresh your memory. If you are a new subscriber or if you haven't saved your magazines, you will surely know someone who has, or you will find them on file at the public library.

Scatter's Rest Cure

(Continued from page 20)

across their backs. Come on, Frosty, let's go and give ourselves a high old time."

So we commandeered us a donkey and for the rest of that golden, glowing day we roved the streets of the old city, free and unhampered, but keeping our eyes open, of course, for any chance sight of the conspirators or the purser.

"We might even catch a glimpse of Horny Owl in the act of getting wound in lace," said Scatter hopefully, "if we look hard enough through iron lattices into courtyards."

But I thought that possibility far-fetched and told her so.

"Personally I think it's all imagination, anyhow," I said. "Horny Owl and Spanish Lad are probably just common tourists. He's maybe her sister's boy that she's taking on a trip for a graduation present."

Scatter regarded me bitterly, but said nothing.

Well, we finally came to the native market in the nethermost depths of the town. It was the Mecca of our wanderings wherein Scatter hoped to buy choice melons for Ant's breakfast. Scatter was astride the donkey at the moment and our small coffee-colored donkey driver made way for us grandly among the throngs of natives, chairs, stools, hats, firewood, oranges and gourds.

When we finally turned to leave the place, heavily burdened with bargains, Scatter uttered a shrill screech and bounced a most sudden and direful bounce on the back of the beast of burden. The donkey resented the unexpected and expressed his resentment by lashing out freely with his heels in every direction. The result was two broken pottery jars, an overturned broom counter and a gorgeous omelet of eggs.

We settled the damages and left the place on the dead run, for the last boat was due to leave in five minutes. We caught it by the skin of our teeth and found aboard it, not only our stewardess looking stouter and more impressive than ever, but Horny Owl as well.

"What made you squeal like that in the market?" I asked Scatter finally as the little boat leaped to the heave of the great waves beyond the mouth of the river.

Scatter looked thoughtfully at Horny Owl.

"I didn't like the twining serpents hanging from the roof," she lied gravely. But at the same time she made our private signal, "Tell you later. Keep quiet."

In our cabin, after a fond reunion with Ant, she enlightened me.

"The Spanish Lad behind a towering pile of hats and the purser stalking him around the basket counter. It might not mean anything but it gave me a thrill, Frosty. Only I didn't honestly mean to squeal. That just popped out."

"Well, the purser is back," I told her. "He must have come out on a private boat. I saw him dispensing stamps and good advice to Horny Owl as I came by just now."

Scatter pulled at her forelock.

"The thing for us to do is to tell him everything we know this evening. Then he can do as he pleases about it when we get to Porto Rico tomorrow."

So we spent an energetic and profitless evening haunting (Continued on page 34)

telltale revealing outlines gone

the new Phantom[★] Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN
(U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)

MAYBE YOU weren't always aware of it. Maybe it was others who noticed that revealing outline . . . that telltale bulkiness. But no matter now! A new Kotex is here. A Kotex with ends flattened and tapered, so as to be completely invisible even under the closest-fitting of modern gowns.

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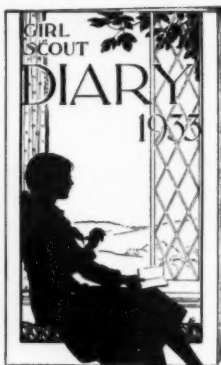
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Your Diary for 1933 Is Now Ready

Were you one of the 25,000 Girl Scouts who enjoyed a copy of the 1932 Diary?

The new edition, more than ever, is full of useful and interesting information. Attractive illustrations, ample space for daily notes, monthly notations on the moon and the stars, a calendar for 1933 and 1934 and a list of the member countries of the World Association of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts are some of the new features. Articles on nature include information on butterflies and insects. Cooking hints give tasty menus, requirements for camp cooking and instructions for making table accessories from twigs, leaves and such natural materials. And to help you find all this information, there is a carefully compiled index.

The convenient pocket size remains the same as last year, as does the exceptionally low price of 15 cents.

W 391

15 cents.

A DIARY COVER of green leatherette stamped with the trefoil in gold will keep your diary in good condition. A pocket for carrying notes and note paper and a pencil are additional features.

W 396

25 cents.

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.
National Equipment Service
570 Lexington Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Scatter's Rest Cure

(Continued from page 33)

the lobby where the purser dwelt, but always Horny Owl or the Spanish Lad, mysteriously restored to the ship, were in the offing and we were unable to gain his ear.

"They know that we suspect them," muttered Scatter crossly, after a peremptory message from Ant had started us for bed.

"If you ask me," I replied drowsily, "I think the purser knows all and is biding his time to leap on the villains within the twelve mile limit. I'm going to sleep and forget all about it and when we wake up it will be Porto Rico and all the excitement over."

"Maybe you're right, Frosty," admitted Scatter, "only I hope that it really is over. That searching business doesn't appeal to me at all."

And so, full of good resolutions for non-interference, we fell asleep, and old Horny Owl, completely convinced of Scatter's inconvenient insanity, had no one but herself to blame for the unpleasantness of the dénouement at Porto Rico, for we both would have slept until morning if—

Hours after I went to sleep I awoke with the feeling that all was not well. I looked about me and saw that the cabin door, shut and locked when we went to bed, was ajar. I could see the dim light filtering in from the hall. I snapped the light switch at the head of my bed, but as the light leaped up the door slammed shut.

"Scatter!" I yelled. "Scatter! There's been someone here!"

Scat sat up in bed, tousled as a gollywog. "Wha—wha—whazamarrewiyou?" she inquired brightly.

"For pity's sake wake up!" I besought her. "Someone just went out of our room."

"Go back to sleep. You're dreaming," she told me rudely, and coiled herself on the other side with her back to the light.

But I felt unhappy so I rose to investigate, and in the crack of the door I found evidence.

"Look at this," I proclaimed to the dormant Scatter. "It's a piece of the flowing green gown that Horny Owl dined in tonight. If she didn't leave here in a hurry just now how did it get into our door?"

Scatter sat up in bed again and dug her fists into her eyes.

"Didn't you lock that door tonight?" she demanded.

"Yes," I replied, "and left the key in the lock. But it's gone now. She must have pushed it out from the other side and opened the door with a duplicate."

I turned the door handle and gave the door a push. It was solid as a church. I bent down and looked at the crack. Then I turned to Scatter.

"She's locked the door on the outside," I told her and felt more than slightly ill in the telling.

Scatter reached for the telephone.

"I'll ring for the steward," she said. I sat on the edge of my bed and curled and uncurled my toes as she diddled the hook up and down.

"Sno use, Frosty," she said at last. "The wires must be cut."

"But what do they think they're doing?" I broke out impatiently. "What have we ever done to them except look a bit crazier than we are."

"Tried to tell the purser," answered Scatter shortly. "They've locked us up here so they can land at Porto Rico without any trouble. It's dawn now and we'll soon dock at San Juan."

We sat and mulled over our plight and we didn't find it pleasant. Our cabin was on C deck below the promenade and our portholes looked directly out to sea. Over our heads we could hear the tread of feet and the swish of water as the sailors gave the deck its morning bath.

"I wonder," pondered Scatter, "if we could poke something up through the porthole to attract their attention?"

That was a thought and we hunted our prison for a stick. We could tell by the slackened speed of the engines and the gentler motion that we were approaching land, and in desperation we wrenched the clothes-pole from the closet and tied a towel to its end. Scatter stuck it out the porthole and waggled it violently in the general direction of B deck. While she did so I peered over her shoulder and saw that we were already passing the fortress at the entrance to San Juan harbor.

And then heavy footsteps hurried down the corridor. Excited Spanish voices echoed outside our door. We banged on it valiantly.

"We're locked in," we cried. "Let us out."

The key clicked and the door swung wide. As one woman we galloped forth. We had no word for our rescuers. Between us there was but one thought, to get to the purser and tell him all.

"Now or never," remarked Scatter grimly as we sped down the corridor toward the abode of the purser. And that time we were lucky enough to find him leaning tranquilly by the great open door through which we could see the city of San Juan drifting past, phantomlike in the early morning light. He was talking to our own portly stewardess and looked unbelievably safe and reassuring to us, although rather surprised at our arrival.

"The smugglers," we urged vociferously, "they locked us in so we—"

But at this miraculous moment the miscreants themselves appeared, brazen and unabashed.

The stewardess, muttering a hasty apology, started to slip from the scene. The purser, white to the lips, strove tensely and silently with the Spanish



Lad on the brink of the open door, heedless of the shark infested harbor below. The lobby suddenly swarmed with life—stewards, sailors, passengers. Scatter and I clung to one another in the passageway.

The click of handcuffs brought the sharp struggle to an end. The Spanish Lad straightened himself and wiped his forehead with his hand. The purser, his hands linked together, stood beside him. On a lounge the stewardess sat between two sailors, and Scatter and I were guarded likewise.

In the crowd Horny Owl loomed, dominant and sardonic. Displaying a shining badge, she addressed herself to the purser and the stewardess. "You are under arrest for the smuggling of contraband goods into the territorial possessions of the United States." Then she turned to us.

"Let them go!" she commanded our captors. "They have nothing to do with the job. The red-headed one isn't quite right but I thought that I had her safely shut away until an arrest could be made. I especially wanted to avoid a scene such as this."

It took some time after we had reached our cabin for us to become coherent again, but when that moment finally arrived Scatter voiced two deep and hard-wrung thoughts.

"Honestly, Frosty," she said, "I don't think old Horny Owl was so awfully far from right in her judgments after all, and as for your new Girl Scout law—well, I guess you were right, too."

Prize Winners

THE National Committee of Awards, Mr. Will H. Schanck of the World Press, Chairman, has named Troop One of Groton, Massachusetts, of which Miss Gertrude Gerrish is captain, winner of THE AMERICAN GIRL Handicraft Contest. This troop submitted the best bound volume of twelve issues of THE AMERICAN GIRL. Second place was awarded to Troop Five, Cumberland, Maryland, of which Miss Henrietta Willison is captain. Troop Three of Northampton, Massachusetts, Mrs. George P. Hyde, captain, was awarded third place.

According to Mr. Schanck, the Committee of Awards was guided in its decision by the contest rules covering the following points: utility, beauty, economy, originality and materials. The winning project was completed at a cost of thirty-four cents.

Troop One of Groton will be asked to bind a volume of the twelve copies issued in 1932, to be presented to Mrs. Hoover during Girl Scout Birthday Week in March, 1933. Troop Five of Cumberland will be asked to bind a volume of the same issues for use in the reading room of the International Chalet in Switzerland. The winner of the third National Award will be asked to bind a volume for the Board Room at National Headquarters.

The other troops whose projects were considered worthy of National Awards were, in the order of their choice: Troop Eight, Chicago, Illinois; Dogwood Troop Twenty-six, Red Bank, New Jersey; Wildrose Troop Thirty-three, Upper Darby, Pennsylvania; Troop Two, Bangor, Maine; and Troop Eighty-four, Brooklyn, New York. Each of these troops will receive a year's subscription to THE AMERICAN GIRL.

The prize winning volumes will be on display at THE AMERICAN GIRL booth at Convention.

"CONGRATULATIONS, JOANI!"



From "Tenderfoot" to "First Class" in record time ... read how Joan did it

EVERYONE thought it was a joke when Joan decided to join the Scouts. Especially her mother. She objected because Joan was "so delicate"—always laid up with a cold or something.

But Joan surprised them all. She quickly left the Tenderfoot group behind. Now she's a full-fledged scout, First Class, with about every merit badge to be won sewed tight on her uniform.

Joan goes in training

Joan was tired of being sick and petted, not allowed to do things other girls did. So she started a training course on her own. She learned the simple rules of health—and practiced them.

One of the most important, she discovered, was washing hands often—always before meals—with Lifebuoy Health Soap. For hands pick up dangerous germs from almost everything we touch. And Lifebuoy, Joan learned, removes not only dirt but germs as well. How important! The Life Extension Institute reports 27 germ diseases that may be spread by hands.

Complexions need Lifebuoy, too

Keep your face as free from dirt and germs as your hands. Lifebuoy's rich, creamy lather cleanses and purifies facial pores down deep—makes your skin glow with health. Guards against embarrassing body odor, too. And the extra-clean, refreshing scent

—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy protects.

Remembering is important

Lifebuoy offers an interesting aid to help you remember about washing often. The FREE Lifebuoy Wash-up Chart for your bathroom wall. It's a score-card to help jog your memory. Mail coupon below today and receive FREE a trial size cake of Lifebuoy Soap together with the Chart.

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Please send me a Lifebuoy "Wash-up Chart" and trial cake of Lifebuoy—both free!

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LIFEBUOY

FOR FACE



HANDS BATH

PROTECTS HEALTH

STOPS BODY ODOR

Diana's Coffee

(Continued from page 9)

Mr. Goodwin had not cut it down. Suddenly she started. Diana's window was being raised. Dixie held her breath. Was she to witness what she had awaited so many nights with a sickening dread?

Diana rested her hands on the sill and, leaning far out, looked intently at the campus. Then swiftly and stealthily, she swung her legs over the ledge and Dixie gasped as the slight form sprang out, caught and clung for a second to the nearest limb, and then climbed expertly to the ground. Once there Diana turned and fairly flew across the campus with Dixie following at a safe distance.

The thoughts of the older girl were in confusion. She had been so sure that Diana was innocent of this strange charge. Would it, could it mean she might be guilty of that still graver offense of which Miss Katharine had spoken?

The two figures raced along, Diana taking a direct route to the stables and Dixie becoming more and more puzzled as to what possible motive the younger girl could have. Surely something harmless, however unwise.

At the birch grove Diana paused and Dixie, breathless, slipped in among the shadows at the side of the road. Waiting there, every nerve straining, she heard a faint whistle which was answered almost immediately, and a few seconds later Roger appeared down the road. Dixie caught her breath as Diana rushed to meet him. At that moment the moon went under a heavy bank of clouds, plunging the grove in inky blackness, but though she could no longer see them, Dixie could hear their voices quite distinctly.

"Oh, Roger," cried Diana's, "I thought I should never get here. It seems weeks since the last time. You probably think me foolish but you can't imagine what this means to me."

Dixie stiffened. Was it possible she had misunderstood? Her brain was unwilling to accept what her ears had heard! Diana—so shy, so appealing. Dixie's thoughts whirled round and round. She heard again what the little freshman had told her. "Diana is French. Her mother and father have never seen much of her. She's been brought up here, there and everywhere. She's never had anyone to love her."

Dixie stood rooted to the spot until the voices dwindled and died away. Suddenly she realized she was trembling and although she knew she should try to find Diana and take her back to the dormitory it was now pitch black in the grove and Dixie did not have the heart to make the search. She could not bear to face the girl to whom she had so readily given her trust and affection. With head low and hands clenched in pockets, she groped her way back to her room alone.

Next morning she waked reluctantly, dreading to face what lay before her. The day was beautiful, as if summer had returned for a brief visit before winter should claim the countryside, and Dixie leaned far out her window to breathe deeply of the fresh-smelling breeze that was blowing in.

She dressed hastily and started down to

the office, but on the stairs it suddenly occurred to her that she had left her ring lying on the dresser. In view of the recent thefts Dixie decided it would be wiser to return for it, so she hurried back and, coming along the corridor, saw Diana standing in the door of the room she herself had just left.

"Hello," the younger girl called, "I was looking for you. You're up early."

"Yes," said Dixie, "I wanted to see Miss Fox before breakfast."

She crossed to the dresser where she had left her ring, not two minutes before, and—it was not there. Dixie caught her breath. The window was open, just as she had left it, the room changed in no detail, and yet the ring was gone and Diana could have been the only one who had entered the room.

"Di," gasped Dixie, her heart thumping, "did you see my ring just now?" She could feel her very blood stand still, waiting for the answer. Diana's eyes were troubled but steady.

"Why, no," she said, "I didn't see it." Dixie searched her face. Was it possible the girl could lie so well? She looked utterly guileless. Dixie was sickened and confused. She felt all at once that she could no longer stand this wondering and doubting; she must settle the horrid business now, once and for all. She closed the door and faced Diana.

"You're sure, Di, you're telling the truth?"

Diana's eyes opened wide.

"Why, Dixie," she asked, "what on earth do you mean?" Dixie turned away from her.

"Let me ask you something else," she

stiff. "Can't you tell me about it, Diana?" "I won't tell," whispered Diana. "I'll not tell anyone—ever."

"Oh, Diana," cried Dixie, "you're making a mistake. I'll try to help you."

But Diana's lips closed tight and hard. "You're sure," begged Dixie, hurt, unwilling to believe the weight of evidence, "you're sure you don't know anything about my ring, and all the other missing jewelry?"

It was as if she had struck Diana, who shrank back, eyes wide and staring.

"Oh," she gasped, and jumped up. "Oh, you—you—How dare you ask me such a question? You think that of me! I thought you were my friend." She bolted from the room and Dixie heard her slam and lock her own door.

That evening Miss Katharine called Dixie into her study.

"I cannot make it all out," she said. "I questioned Roger for two hours, and he would admit nothing. He kept saying he wasn't free to tell."

"Diana was still worse. She became hysterical when I asked her about your ring and Edith Darcy's pin. She has worked herself into such a state that I have had to let Nurse give her something to quiet her. We thought if she had a good sleep she might look at things differently tomorrow. If she doesn't, I shall consider her guilty of both charges."

Dixie herself was almost sick over the affair and for hours was unable to sleep. It wasn't until two o'clock that she slept.

She was awakened by a choky sensation and a recurring, insistent noise. She sat up with a jerk. A dog was barking furiously, just outside her window. She could hear a confused murmur of voices and then a man's shout. With a choky cry she realized that her room was full of smoke. She jumped up and as she flung on some clothes she heard the fire alarm sound with an ear-splitting clangor in the halls.

Despite the pounding of her heart Dixie did not lose her head but went directly to her post at the head of the stairs, her assigned position in all fire drills.

Dixie spoke to the girls quietly, marshalled them into an ordered line, started them down the stairs. In the back of her consciousness she heard the clang of fire engines, the calls of men. At last she fell in at the end of the line that marched in perfect order out of the building.

Miss Helen Fox led the school across the campus to the shelter of the gymnasium building. That dog she had first heard was still barking furiously and she realized now that it had been going on all the time. He was running from one person to another, as though searching for someone.

Suddenly Dixie stopped dead in her tracks and a look of horror spread over her face. Had Diana come down with the rest? She had been given something to make her sleep. Had it prevented her from hearing the alarm? Without stopping to ask, Dixie turned and ran back to the burning building. The dog followed, barking as he ran.

The halls were thick with smoke and

THE CULPRIT

FRANCES FITZPATRICK WRIGHT

OCTOBER is a gypsy,
She goes flaunting through
the woods,

In red and yellow petticoats,
She's hiding stolen goods.

For summer's golden hours,
And morning's pearls of dew,
And the maples' family silver
Are gone when she's passed
through!

said after a moment. "Sit down, Diana, and tell me the truth. You trust me, don't you?"

Diana's eyes filled with tears. "You've been nicer to me than anyone else ever has. Why do you ask me things like this?"

"I'll tell you," said Dixie, "but first you must answer this. Why did you meet Roger Goodwin last night down at the grove?"

Diana turned pale and did not answer. "Why?" repeated Dixie, her throat dry and

Dixie coughed and gasped as she crept upstairs, the ridiculous little dog at her heels. The suffocating smoke eddied about her but at last she managed to locate the room.

Diana lay stretched on the bed, in drugged sleep or unconsciousness, and now the little dog became frantic. He took hold of the bed clothes and tugged, he tried to bark, he licked Diana's limp hand. Dixie stood half choked, half overcome. Then she went to the window and called for help.

Dixie never knew how it happened that she and Miss Katharine, Mr. Goodwin, Roger, the persistent little dog and Diana all got in the same office together in the gymnasium building.

At last the younger girl stirred and seemed to sense the presence of the dog. "Coffee," she murmured and a stump of a tail wagged its response.

Miss Katharine started and looked fixedly at the little animal. She scowled, looked at Diana and then at Roger.

"Roger," she asked crisply, "why didn't you say you were keeping Miss Diana's dog for her?"

"I'd promised I wouldn't tell, Miss Katharine," said Roger.

Dixie felt herself suddenly come to. Coffee! Diana's dog! It wasn't Roger that Diana had gone to the grove to see! It was her beloved dog! Dixie sighed in relief.

Mr. Goodwin broke the stunned silence.

"Well, Miss Katharine," he said, "Roger shouldn't have done it and I'd have stopped it if I'd known, but it's only right to tell you that pup is the one who gave the alarm. It was he that got me out of bed."

Miss Katharine looked again at Coffee.

"Tch," she said, "think of that." Her face was strangely flushed.

Just then the fire chief came in and in his cupped hands glittered some jewelry.

"The fire's out," he laughed, "and this here beats all. You know that old oak, on the south side of the building where the fire was? Well, it had a dead limb that got to burning and we had to chop off. When it crashed down, it split wide open and these rings and pins and I don't know what all was laying neat as anything in a squirrel's nest inside."

"Tch," said Miss Katharine, and Dixie thought she had never seen the stern old face so softened. Diana had come to and lay propped on one elbow.

"Do you feel all right now?" Miss Katharine asked her, peculiarly unsteady in voice.

Diana nodded.

"Tch," said Miss Katharine and paused. "Did you hear Mr. Goodwin say the little dog saved Foxcroft for us tonight?"

The Head Mistress seemed to lose herself in a thoughtful abstraction.

"Well, my dear," she said at last, "Foxcroft means more to me than you can know and I am very grateful to your little dog. Do you think he would care to make his home with us while you are here?"

A flash of happiness swept over Diana's face. She could only nod her answer.

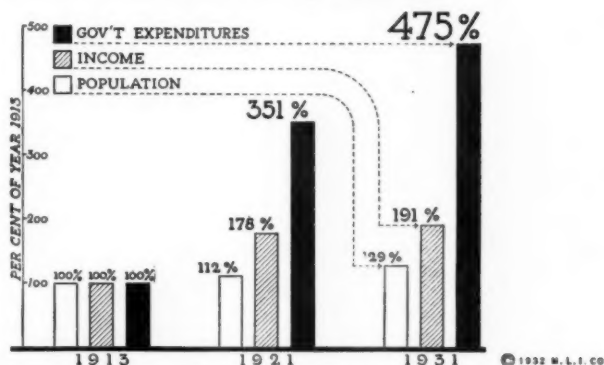
Dixie crossed over to her.

"Di, dear," she asked, "you forgive me about the ring? I couldn't guess that horrid squirrel had whisked it away."

"I think you had better," said Miss Katharine, her own eyes unnaturally bright. "It was Dixie who saved your life, Diana."

The two girls threw their arms about one another and Coffee licked them both indiscriminately.

Twenty Cents out of every Dollar of the income of the people is the cost of government in the United States



THE United States, your State, your City or your County must depend on taxation to pay its current expenses, to carry on its undertakings, to pay off its bonds.

Every one—rich or poor—bears a share in the tax burden.

Some pay income taxes, estate or inheritance taxes, specific duties or excise taxes. But all are taxed indirectly by the necessary inclusion of taxes in the cost of food, clothing, rent, merchandise, transportation and other necessities obtained through the merchant, the landlord, the transportation companies and others who, themselves, are taxed.

While the population of the United States increased by 29 per cent between 1913 and 1931, the expenditures of Federal, State and Municipal Governments increased by 375 per cent.

Governmental expenditures constituted 8 per cent of the national income in 1913 and 20 per cent of the national income in 1931.

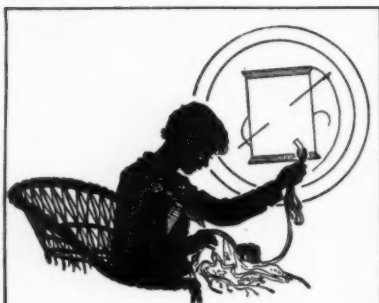
Expenditures by Federal, State and Municipal Governments equal 1/5 of the income of the American people—one day's income out of five.

The only sources from which money can be obtained for the payment of such expenditures are the men, women and children of the country—by taxation, direct or indirect. Bond issues merely postpone the day when the expenditure must be paid for—by taxes, for there is no other method.

The only control over such expenditures rests with representatives of the people chosen for executive or legislative positions by the voters in their own communities.



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P 282

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National Equipment Service
570 Lexington Ave.
New York City

Our Girl Scout Sampler

(Continued from page 17)

but it brightens up the picture. The two top stitches of the legs are yellow, the next one red and the two for the socks are blue. The two horizontal squares are black for the shoes. The hands are yellow, just one square each. The staff of the Morse code flag is black, and the flag itself is in red cross-stitch with the sampler linen left plain for the white center.

The bluebird is blue, of course, with a merry black eye. The squirrel is yellow with a red tail and a black eye also. The flowers are like those in the border, red with yellow centers and blue stems and leaves, and of course the stars are yellow. That leaves nothing but the lettering which includes your name and troop number and the date,

or anything you want it to. You must plan these yourself very carefully so that the distance between the rows will be right and will fit in with the general design of the sampler.

You have no idea, until you have tried it, what fun it is to make something that is as personal as a sampler. Your own work, your own interests, the fun of having the picture grow under your fingers, your own name to finish up with and when it is done an accomplishment that is lovely enough to frame and hang on your wall and keep for always.

NOTE: The sampler sets may be obtained from the National Equipment Service, at seventy-five cents a set.



HERE ARE MISS NEYSA MCMEIN AND MR. EDWARD POUCHER, WITH THE PRIZE-WINNING POSTER

The Poster Contest Winners

THE AMERICAN GIRL Poster Contest ended on August first and just before this present issue went to press, the judges—Miss Neysa McMein, Mrs. Henrietta McCaig Starrett and Mr. Edward Poucher—met at Headquarters in New York and viewed all the posters in order to decide upon the prize winners. They considered the entries both for their workmanship and poster qualities. Many good drawings were sent in which, however, would not be effective used as posters.

After the preliminary process of weeding, the judges decided that the first prize should go to Lois L. Brown of Manchester, New Hampshire, for her poster showing a Girl Scout backed by an eagle in gold. This, they believed, besides being well drawn, had good story-telling and eye-compelling power. The second prize was given to Rhea Turrell of Bloomington, Indiana and the third to Marguerite Berry of Hinsdale, Illinois. Although it was not intended to give more than three prizes in this contest,

the judges felt that Jeanne Madden of Wheeling, West Virginia should have honorable mention for her red, white and blue poster, which they considered to be very original.

The winning posters will be displayed at the Girl Scout Convention at Virginia Beach, Virginia in October.

Mr. Poucher writes to us of the contest:

"The bewildering array of colorful posters made the choice of prize-winners difficult. We (the judges) tried to select those having the best poster qualities and having the most workmanlike expression of a suitable idea.

"The technical excellence of several of the posters was remarkable and, considering the youth of the contestants, one wonders what they will accomplish five years from now—or ten."

We congratulate the winners and wish to thank all those who entered the contest and helped to make it a success.

The Laughing Princess

(Continued from page 14)

tips as she watched her walk away. It seemed to her that Mary carried herself as a queen should, and her steps were slow and stately and Rosamond felt as she stood in the soft sunshine that she was watching history walking there, for well she knew that Princess Mary was an important link in the chain of politics of Europe.

Footsteps behind her made her turn hastily to find the yellow-haired page William standing near her.

"I'm glad to have a moment's talk with you," he said with a jolly smile that warmed Rosamond's heart. "I want to say again that I am sorry for my part in last night's happenings. But I was sure you were the Princess herself, or I would not have given you the message, and so disclosed you."

"Pray do not say another word about that!" Rosamond hastened to say. "It turned out for the best, of that I'm sure. I was frightened of the masking, anyway, and glad when Princess Mary felt it time to stop. The painter, Master Holbein, was the only one to know me, but how I'd have kept it up much longer I declare I do not know."

"There was much praise on every side for you. My mother tells me that you have a brother. Will he ever come to court?"

Rosamond shook her head.

"I do not think so. But I have not thought much about it. Perhaps he may now that I am to stay a little longer. That would be nice—and how he'd like it!"

"Tell me more about him," William said, and with one accord they dropped down on the marble rim of the fish pond.

"There is nothing much to tell, I fear," Rosamond said in deep pretended modesty, for she was crammed full of loving pride for her brother.

But William was persistent and before she knew it she was pouring out everything.

"And he can ride a horse as well as the King himself!" she ended excitedly.

"Hush, maiden! You speak treason!" William warned her, half laughingly, half seriously. "Hast thou not heard how our good Majesty needs six or seven horses to complete a hunt? He never tires, though the poor beasts do. And when they give out, why, he must have another! There's none quite like him when it comes to strength."

"Well, Hugh could ride as many and three more!" Rosamond answered flaming. For, once started on a tale of her brother's virtues, it seemed she knew not when to stop.

"At times I wish for someone who would sing my praises," William said. "I have no loyal sister to do that for me. And there are times I wish for the lives of other fellows that I know. It must be fine to leap and run and draw a bow and ride a horse whenever the spirit moves within your breast! You see that I am tied to court. I must stay here from day to day, from hour to hour. True, I can ride and shoot and fence, and even hunt a little, but I must always be attending the King and Queen, and it is they, not I, who set the pace. I would give a lot for one morning's gallop through the wood- (Continued on page 40)

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WITH ALL THIS FREE EQUIPMENT

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Send for our new premium catalogue, today. In it, you'll find listed more than 250 items—among them, loads of the things you want. And, with it, you'll receive a certificate worth ten labels, *free!*

This gives you a good head start on a label collection that will grow lickety-split, when you ask the help of your mother, friends and neighbors in this game of thrift, the Libby Plan.

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The Laughing Princess

(Continued from page 39)

land with your brother and yourself. The whole of a summer day before us, and no one to limit our time or pleasure. Some food, perhaps, in a small bag by our sides, or old clothes on and pretending we were savages, like those they tell about in that new land that Christopher Columbus discovered."

"Oh, we have often played that game!" Rosamond cried a little smugly. "It is quite our favorite one. And Hugh has often said that when he is of age, which will be in a year now, he will set sail for those new lands and take me with him, providing I will promise to be brave."

"Perhaps I shall go, too!" William cried, his blue eyes all agleam in the bright sunlight of the garden. "The three of us will go, and you can dress as one of us, for from what I have heard a maiden would have a sorry time of it, but you could cut your hair and wear your brother's suit. And do you know how to fence?"

"A little," Rosamond answered. "But I should hate to cut my hair off short and I would feel mighty strange in men's attire. Don't you think that I'd be safe enough with you two to protect me, even if I wore a maiden's clothes?"

Then she stopped and laughed.

"One would think we planned to sail tomorrow!" she said.

"That's true," he said in such a crest-fallen voice and looking so like a person who has left a pleasant dream behind him that Rosamond's heart contracted and she was sorry she had teased him.

"Well, we shall go!" she hastened to say. "Have no fear of that. One always gets what one would like to have providing that one keeps the thought of what it is always before one's eyes. It is only a short time ago that I said I wished that I could see the King and Queen and all the court. And now that that has come about, I would believe that anything could happen!"

They had forgotten where they were and how time passed, so interested were they in their conversation, so they were both startled when they heard a movement in the shrubbery behind them, and a hoarse voice call, "William! William! Come here to me." Rosamond drew back and put her hands to her heart which was beating quickly with a sudden fear. There was something in the husky voice that sent a chill through her. Something sinister that made the golden day suddenly turn cold and frightening.

William rose and left her and, as she watched his blue-clothed figure disappear among the heavy shrubbery, she felt so frightened that she jumped to her feet. But she stood her ground, not wanting to leave the boy alone, although he had seemed to recognize the voice and had gone without a moment's hesitancy to the place whence it had called.

The minutes passed and she was beginning to wonder if she should go back to the palace, when the bushes parted and William came out onto the graveled path-way again, and beside him crept an old man. His small eyes in his wrinkled face peered closely at the girl as he came nearer to her, and she shrank from his scrutiny.

"Be not afraid, Rosamond," William

spoke in a low voice that only she might hear. "This is old Master Waterman. He saw you from the thicket and thought you were the Princess. I had a hard time to persuade him to come out and see for himself. Let him come close to you—he will not hurt you. He is a little daft, that's all. The father of the present King did long ago exile him. He lived in France for many years and there he lost his wife and three children. They died of some strange plague and he was stricken, too. But it did naught to him but fasten on his poor brain and ever since he blames the death of all his family on King Henry the Seventh, and threatens in his worse moments to have revenge. Sometimes he forgets that the King is dead—but other times he remembers, and plans to hurt his children. Some say it was a foolish thing for our present King to bring him back to England. It was one of those generous gestures that he loves to make. And besides, the Mistress Margery begged it of him, Master Waterman being her kin."

The old man had crept closer and was now peering at Rosamond with his poor, old, deep-sunk eyes of faded brown.

"It is enough like her to be her sister," he was muttering. "Art sure, lad, that you do not deceive me?"

William nodded.

"I'm sure, Master Waterman. Look closer for yourself. See, this is a younger maiden. And now, if you are satisfied, let me go with you to the gate."

He took the old man's arm and began to lead him away while Rosamond stood in the center of the path, her hands still pressed to her heart to stop its frantic beating, for she could not still that sickish clutch of fear that the hoarse old voice had started in her breast.

CHAPTER IV

One evening at twilight time Mistress Martha threw wide the door of Rosamond's room and entered carrying a branching candlestick. The dripping candles lighted up the room and cast a rosy glow upon the slender figure of the girl upon the bed.

"Have you been napping?" she inquired as she placed the candlestick upon the dressing table.

"No. Just lying here in the dark, thinking of home," Rosamond said thoughtfully.



"It is time to rise and dress," Mistress Martha reminded her. "The hour is late."

But instead of doing as she was bid Rosamond said irrelevantly, "I have been here for two long weeks."

"And time has flown like a song to me," Mistress Martha said, going to the wardrobe and taking out a lovely violet frock, for now Rosamond's clothes had been replenished and she had a goodly stock of new dresses.

"I think I would give anything I possess for a sight of my mother and my brother." Rosamond went on as though there had been no interruption.

"Come now, child, such thoughts will get you nowhere. Arise and let me wash your hands and face and brush your hair and fasten up this dress for you. This violet-colored one should become you mightily," Mistress Martha said. "I've yet to hear of the maid who is not aroused by the sight of a new gown of sweet silk of heavenly violet color." Rosamond rose and began languidly to dress. Suddenly they heard a distant voice cry out.

"Make way for the King! Make way for the King! The King is coming! Make way! Make way!"

Rosamond turned from taking a fresh kerchief from a scented box.

"It's in our corridor!" she said.

The woman nodded and stopped her fastening of the girl's long skirt to listen.

Nearer and nearer the voice came until it stopped outside the door and there came a thunderous knock that made Rosamond's heart leap.

"Quick, let me fasten this last placket," Mistress Martha whispered excitedly, and she went to the door and threw it wide.

The King strode in and looked about him.

"It is a goodly climb to this far tower," he began, then seeing that Rosamond was resting on the ground before him in a sweeping curtsy, he said, "I would see you alone, my little maid. Mistress Martha, clear the room and only you remain." Then he turned to Rosamond and smiled at her and it was the kindly smile of the tall hunter who had called the dogs away from her fox.

"Do not look so frightened. I am not here to bite you—only to bestow a favor and to ask one."

Rosamond smiled.

"The favor I bestow first," the King went on. "I've come to say that on the morrow Master Stanley shall escort you home! Your cheeks are far too pale of late and your pretty eyes have lost their luster. What think you of my favor, Mistress Rosamond?"

"Your Majesty! I scarce can believe my ears! I am going home tomorrow! Oh, Sire, I am grateful!" Rosamond's cheeks were flaming and her eyes were soft with tender light.

The King smiled down at her.

"I see it thrills your heart," he said, "and that is pleasing. I like to give my subjects pleasure. Be ready then by ten o'clock. I hope your pretty lips will still remain upcurled in laughter when you hear the favor that I ask of you," the King went on in a graver tone.

"My cup of happiness seems overflowing at your generosity," Rosamond answered. "I'll but delight to do whatever you bid."

"Then listen closely. The Princess Mary has few real friends at court. Her beauty keeps them from her. She is about to wed the King of France. This is the favor I am asking. When she goes to France I'd have you go with her, so that she'll know she has one friend in that new land where customs will be strange and tongues will speak a different language. She claims to love you dearly and has taken quite a fancy to your pretty ways, and then, the vast resemblance that there is between you amuses her. She says you love her, too, and seems to feel assured of your willingness to accompany her."

All the time that he had been speaking Rosamond had been fighting the bitter sorrow that threatened to overwhelm her. To go to France! The idea stunned her. To go away and leave her mother and her brother! As she stood there waiting for the King to cease his talking, two tears slipped down her cheeks and plopped upon the floor.

The King stopped short and looked at them and then at the girl.

"What ails you, maid? I've never seen such monstrous tears in all my life! What ails you?" he asked in evident amazement.

"Forgive me," Rosamond said in a choking voice. "I do love the Princess Mary, and I will gladly go to France with her. I weep only because I needs must leave my family and travel to a new country without them. I crave your pardon."

"'Tis good you are not a royal maid, for then you'd go to stay and never could return to England," he said. "But this is the first time I have ever seen a maiden weep because she'd gained a good position in the court, for of course you'll go with Princess Mary as one of her ladies in waiting. That is not a bad place for one as young as you, and a country maid at that! You will go?"

"Of course, your Majesty," Rosamond answered.

The King nodded and smiled.

"There's a good girl. I am glad to know that Mary will have at least one friend in Louis' court, the poor little maid."

He got to his feet after giving Rosamond his hand to kiss, and bellowed out in his tremendous voice that the interview was over and he would depart. Mistress Martha went to the door and opened it, and the courtier, a tiny man who always walked before the King and called, "Make way", drew a deep breath and took his place. With a final smile and a hasty bow to Mistress Martha, Henry swung through the door.

"You do not think he jested?" Rosamond asked in a small voice.

As if in answer to her question the door flew open and the Princess ran in. Her lovely brown eyes were all shining.

"My brother has just told me of your willingness to go to France with me," she cried, pulling Rosamond to her and kissing her. "Oh, I am so glad!"

She drew Rosamond down beside her on the window seat and they sat there watching Mistress Martha packing Rosamond's things for her journey the next morning. And Princess Mary would not let her help because she said she must accustom herself to being waited on.

If you want to follow Rosamond and Princess Mary across the channel to France to meet the French King, read next month's instalment.



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Yet three months ago she was
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Rita and the Bayberries

(Continued from page 24)

anyway. I know it. They just wanted to make me seem stupid! All of them!"

Jeff looked horrified. "They did *not*," he cried hastily. "They all wanted you. Peggy let me in on it. They decided it in Court of Honor—that's their solemn pow-wow. You can better believe they wouldn't cook up any mean stunt there. We all want you to be in the show, to be in all the fun we have around here."

"But that fault finding little coach, whatever they call her," Rita complained. "I'll bet *she* was pleased to see me fall down in the part."

"No, she wasn't," Jeff contended. "She's got good high standards, though. That's why she makes us all work so hard. She wants something really worthwhile, not just a dumb, half-baked act. After all, why wouldn't she? We all listen to Miss Arlington, around here."

"What's her name?"

"Augusta Arlington. Maybe you know. She writes plays. Real ones, I mean."

Did Rita know! Some of Miss Arlington's plays, more or less recognizable, had found their way into the movies. How on earth could anybody guess that Augusta Arlington would choose to live most of the time in a place like Sentinel Corners, and run a Girl Scout troop? And Rita had been trying to coach!

"Ye gods!" said Rita, and there was a long silence, in which the cricket noise grew louder, and a sudden luminance, catching up the last of sunset like an eastern reflection, announced the mysterious rising of the harvest moon. Then there was a sudden panting, and Pete's Airedale, no longer even trying to masquerade as a Borzoi, galloped up to herald the approach of Pete himself, with Lou and Peggy behind him.

"We were looking for you, Jeff!" they cried. "We're all going over to the big pasture to look for the last mushrooms by moonlight, and then to Lou's for a feast, if we find any. The rest are waiting at the wall. Oh—Rita!" There was an awkward pause, and then Peggy Shaw stepped forward and said in her honest voice, "Of course, you're coming too?"

Rita hung back in the shadows. She was trying to piece together what something told her had to be said. It came blurring out at last.

"Say, I'm afraid I sort of busted things up this afternoon—walking out on you. I got mad, but I guess it was all a mistake—my fault. I—well, are you sure you want me along tonight?"

"Sure," said Peggy and Jeff together.

Mr. Herman Pickett looked up from the real estate page of the paper, and laid down his cigar.

"Been walking all this time with that young rube, girlie?" he inquired.

"Oh, no," Rita assured him. "I was with a lot of the crowd." She seated herself on the arm of her father's chair. "Dad," she said, "you always do what I want, don't you?"

He chuckled. "Fraid I do. Who wouldn't! What is it you want now? Oh, I know—what we were talking about after supper. To get out of this one-horse dump,

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and go places and do things. Is that it?"

She shook her head. "No! Wrong this time!" She put her cheek to his, and whispered for some time. He frowned a little and put aside the paper.

"Do you realize that would lose me a pile of money, Rita?" he asked her.

His daughter, quite unconsciously acting very much better than she had that afternoon, looked at him wistfully and said, "Which would you rather do, Dad, make a pile of money or make me awfully happy?"

"Well, if you put it that way!" he grinned fondly. "I don't know what's got into you—but I'm still your loving Dad."

During the Thanksgiving holidays, about a month later, there occurred a double event of huge importance—the presentation of the first play in the Sentinel Corners Girl Scout House. Mr. Pickett was a hustler. He would have transformed Bascom's feed store with incredible speed into Ye Sentinel Waffle Shoppe and Filling Station. He had turned it with equal dispatch into a paradise for Bayberry Troop and Huckleberry Pack.

At one end of the big room a fieldstone fireplace warmed the November atmosphere; at the other was a small stage on which the dark green curtains were at present drawn. The closed grain bins, which had been left along the walls for storing troop belongings, made wonderful box seats for long-legged boys. The rest of the audience sat on camp stools in the part where old Mr. Bascom had been used to keep his big scales and to pile sacks of grain.

In the second row, between Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Wrenn, sat Mr. Herman G. Pickett. His daughter's newest interest had thoroughly convinced him of the value to the community of a Girl Scout House, and he was telling the ladies, as a brand new idea, that the flavor of the old town would be spoiled by planting the Sentinel Filling Station in that spot, and that he had for a long time been planning to install it outside the village limits.

The part of Madame de Chaleur in the play was taken by Lou Randall, dark and petite and pretty. Her opening line, which began, "Ab monsieur, quel plaisir!" was greeted with applause. The little maid, who moved

with such quiet deference behind her, and caught her wrap, was played by Miss Rita Pickett—"Rita Rio", no less.

For, some weeks earlier, Rita had talked it all over with Wequicket, whom she had sought out in the exciting studio where that lady kept her typewriter among fascinating foreign things. The girl unconsciously copied Peggy's straightforward manner as she said:

"Miss Arlington, you know perfectly well I'm not able to get away with that part. Nobody knows it better than I do. There at first, I thought you all meant to make a fool of me, but I was making a fool of myself. I guess I've been believing everything I read in *The Film Fan*. Lou's the one for the part—with her looks, and her French. And anyway, I oughtn't to be in it at all, because I'm not a member of Bayberry Troop—yet."

Miss Augusta Arlington had smiled and mentally noted that "yet."

"Nobody ever got to be anything—including a movie star," she said, "without working for it. These Bayberries up here work pretty hard. They work on the farm, and they work for their fun. In town, opportunities are spread all around—like food at a big party, don't you know? You just reach for what you want. But in places like this, you grub for them. Girl Scouting helps—it gives them the tools to grub with."

Miss Arlington was talking as one city person to another. Rita was flattered, but she suddenly felt like defending Sentinel Corners. Was Wequicket just a little patronizing?

"I don't know," she said. "Somehow, I guess the things you learn that way—from really working and wanting to do them, are the things that last longest."

Wequicket, the playwright, smiled silently with her bright eyes.

And so it happened that on the afternoon before the play, the new Girl Scout House had seen its first investiture—a very fitting one. There was no superiority to the hick Bayberries, no scorn of childish Girl Scouting, about Rita Pickett.

"On my honor, I will try. . ."

Wequicket, looking at Rita as the trefoil was pinned on, knew she meant it as she had never before meant anything in her incomplete life.



Ruth Nichols, Flyer

(Continued from page 16)
preservers," she said. "I can't see jumping just as a sport. It doesn't appeal to me the least bit."

She sponsors a Girl Scout troop at her home in Rye, New York and for girls who are interested in aviation, Miss Nichols suggests that there are many ways of picking up information about it. Troops might find model plane making a very interesting project, she says. It is an excellent way to learn the nomenclature of planes. Reading is valuable, too. Several famous aviators have written books within the last few years, and there are magazines dealing with aviation that are well worth studying. Simple text books are always available.

"In many localities," she told me, "field trips to airplane factories are possible. The wing departments, especially, are intensely interesting. Here the work is done almost entirely by women, who sew fabric tightly over the framework of the wing, where it is treated with a composition which makes it strong."

"Something else that girls would surely find interesting, and which is possible even in small cities, is talks by girl pilots, of whom there are now five hundred in the United States. Anybody can learn a great deal about aviation in general without ever spending a cent," says this active young person who firmly believes that "records are made to be broken."

1932 HOOD TREASURE HUNT Prize Winners

(See April, May, June issues of this magazine)

Prizes for two best answers

APRIL—Robert Skinner, 13, Manchester, N. H.; Mary Kavanagh, 13, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

MAY—Jack Abshier, 18, Kansas City, Mo.; Eugene J. Linehan, 12, Rochester, N. Y.

JUNE—Margaret Hinson, 11, Keyes, Cal.; Betty Jean Lang, 13, Minneapolis, Minn.

Prizes for fifty next best answers

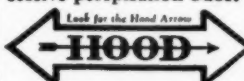
APRIL—Arthur Pargoe, 15, Orange, Cal.; Francis Milligan, 13, San Diego, Cal.; Edmond Symonds, 17, Santa Barbara, Cal.; Agnes Roche, 17, Hamden, Conn.; Malcolm E. MacGregor, 15, Hartford, Conn.; Whittemore Hunter, 14, Washington, D. C.; Mary Jane Brown, 16, Caldwell, Id.; Charles Wolff, 14, Chicago, Ill.; James Aldrich, 14, Danville, Ill.; Clara Wyckoff, 14, Glen Ellyn, Ill.; Marjorie Papin, 13, Jerseyville, Ill.; C. Whitcomb Allen, 16, Portland, Me.; Edith L. French, 15, Warren, Me.; Phyllis Smith, 11, Chelsea, Mass.; Charles van Buskirk, 14, Detroit, Mich.; Merle W. Heidman, 14, Detroit, Mich.; Jack Thames, 13, Minneapolis, Minn.; John F. Brumfield, 13, Biloxi, Miss.; Billy Stephenson, 12, Holdrege, Neb.; John C. Nemah, 13, Hanover, N. H.; A. Graham Yuill, 15, Manchester, N. H.; Esther M. Williams, 13, Cridge, N. J.; Janet Zimmerman, 13, Maine; N. J.; Charles A. Taylor, 12, Brooklyn, N. Y.; John Pulver, 16, Flushing, N. Y.; June Webber, 11, Jamestown, N. Y.; George Compton, 12, New York, N. Y.; Clarence Egan, 13, Rochester, N. Y.; Daniel Rudolph, 15, Schenectady, N. Y.; Judson H. Irish, 16, Yonkers, N. Y.; Edna M. Jones, 15, Yonkers, N. Y.; Homer Montaigne, 15, Durham, N. C.; Allen Pierce, 13, Akron, Ohio; William Bland, 13, Cleveland, Ohio; Thos. L. Jones, 16, Dayton, Ohio; Kenneth W. Slep, 10, Cleveland, Ohio; George E. Sullivan, Jr., 13, Portland, Ore.; Charles Bides, 12, Hyndman, Pa.; James Coyle, 15, Philadelphia, Pa.; Bruce Smith, 13, Philadelphia, Pa.; Donald J. Bennett, 15, Philadelphia, Pa.; Francis H. Weiss, 16, Philadelphia, Pa.; Wilma L. Treiber, 16, Pittsburgh, Pa.; H. Donald Spatz, 15, Reading, Pa.; Kent Herrin, 13, Johnson City, Tenn.; Foe C. Lowry, Jr., 14, Knoxville, Tenn.; Dorothy McCann, 13, Beaumont, Tex.; Alfred Shoemaker, 16, Norfolk, Va.; Stewart Nelson, 16, Seattle, Wash.; Dorothy Murray, 10, Wausau, Wis.

MAY—Emilie Boudousquie, 17, Mobile, Ala.; James Bradley, 12, Hot Springs, Ark.; Harry Erickson, 12, Riverside, Cal.; Melvin Renquist, 15, San Jose, Cal.; Phyllis Moroney, 15, Glastonbury, Conn.; Cecil Reid, 17, Lakeland, Fla.; Tommy Baker, 15, Atlanta, Ga.; Jack Biggers, 14, Rebecca, Ga.; Bobby St. Clair, 15, Macon, Ill.; Robert Johnson, 11, Lincoln, Ill.; J. B. Kleinschmidt, 19, Maywood, Ill.; Patricia St. Clair, 16, Oak Park, Ill.; Dean Call, 10, Gaston, Ind.; Lyle F. Fraser, 15, Burt, Ia.; Ben Klatch, 13, Fort Thomas, Ky.; Carl Bennett, 15, Louisville, Ky.; Edith J. Lewis, 14, Kittery, Me.; Robert Silva, 14, Arlington, Mass.; Edwin L. Talaska, 14, Alpena, Mich.; William J. Hughes, Jr., 14, Muskegon, Mich.; Ruth Sinder, 15, Grand Marais, Minn.; Allan Moe, 15, Underwood, Minn.; Grace Lee Jones, 13, St. Louis, Mo.; Don Wood, 13, Boulder, Mont.; Duard A. Milks, 14, Nebraska; Edward Riley, 17, Carteret, N. J.; Samuel Butler, Jr., 16, Oaklyn, N. J.; Maurice E. Wiggins, 16, Palmyra, N. J.; Kenneth S. Lester, 13, Pompton Plains, N. J.; Vinjie Romano, 16, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Irving Cole, 12, Rhine, N. Y.; Carol Linahan, 13, Rochester, N. Y.; Nash Herndon, 16, Greensboro, N. C.; Thomas H. Blakeslee, 13, Cleveland Heights, Ohio; Don Kersting, 14, Dayton, Ohio; John O'Neal, 13, Brookville, Pa.; Jane Lee Jee, 12, Bryn Mawr, Pa.; John Carl Hickey, 15, Lansdale, Pa.; Robert Bruckner, 14, Lansdowne, Pa.; George McClelland, 14, Merion, Pa.; Marshall B. Bailey, 18, Oxford, Pa.; Robert Schneider, 13, Philadelphia, Pa.; Betty McClarrach, 14, Swarthmore, Pa.; Robert Wildt, 12, Landrum, S. C.; William A. Bonner, 14, Rives, Tenn.; Lois Jones, 15, El Paso, Tex.; Paul G. Cushman, 13, Barre, Vt.; David Murray, 15, Seattle, Wash.; Gordon Schmelling, 19, Kenosha, Wis.; Owen Windall, 14, Park Falls, Wis.

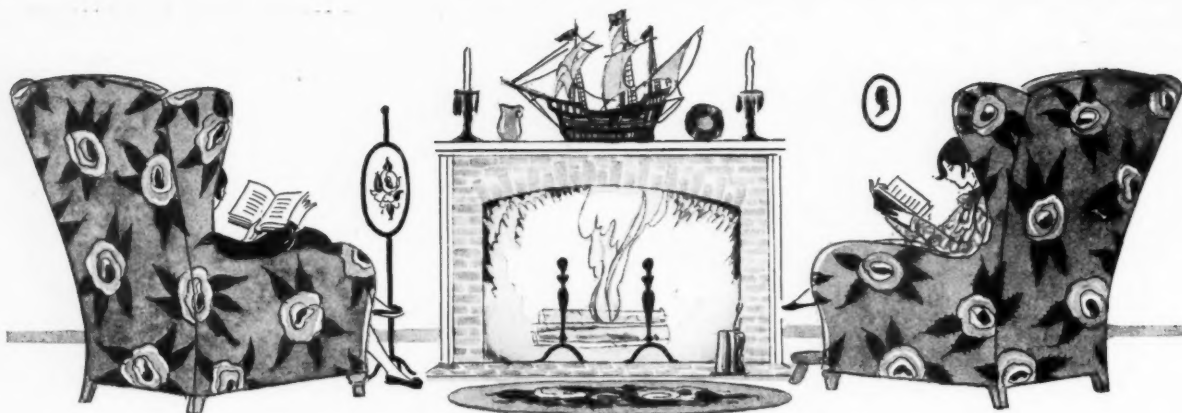
JUNE—Robert Hess, 13, Yuma, Ariz.; Robert Clifford Matteson, 10, Foreman, Ark.; Dorothy Dunaham, 11, Beverly Hills, Cal.; Betty Jean Huckans, 13, Los Angeles, Cal.; Chas. Mapes, 12, Los Angeles, Cal.; Raymond McNally, Jr., 14, Petaluma, Cal.; Bob Emley, 14, Denver, Colo.; Wilber White, 10, Washington, D. C.; Sibyl Biggers, 11, Rebecca, Ga.; June Lawson, 15, Savannah, Ga.; Chas. Wankat, 15, Cicero, Ill.; Eleanor Kohn, 13, Chicago, Ill.; Melvin Marmor, 16, Dalton City, Ill.; Ruth O'Donnell, 15, Aurora, Ind.; Robert Weeks, 12, Gary, Ind.; Virginia Miller, 15, New Carlisle, Ind.; Keith Hanan, 13, Richland, Ia.; Kenneth Schluha, 15, Robins, Ia.; Alice Kennedy Wagstaff, 13, Louisville, Ky.; Curtis Caine, 10, New Orleans, La.; Pauline F. Church, 13, Augusta, Me.; James McAdams, 17, Hagerstown, Md.; Richard William Schreiber, 15, Andover, Mass.; Stephen Karl, 14, Detroit, Mich.; Nelson Block, 14, Hermann, Mo.; Warren Huffstutter, 11, Kearney, Neb.; Robert L. Breum, 13, Omaha, Neb.; John Sweeney, 12, East Orange, N. J.; Elizabeth Clayton, 14, Princeton, N. J.; Elizabeth W. Marsh, 15, Ringoes, N. J.; Ruth Ethell, 15, Alamogordo, N. M.; Marion B. Lippincott, 11, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Frederick Edloff, 13, Buffalo, N. Y.; Joseph H. Leggett, 14, Corinth, N. Y.; Buddy Linehan, 12, Rochester, N. Y.; Robert Miller, 15, Bridgeport, Ohio; John Beaver, Jr., 15, Osborn, Ohio; John Malkin, 14, Toledo, Ohio; Cecil Wickline, 13, Warrenton, Ore.; John O'Neal, 14, Brookville, Pa.; Richard E. Field, 18, Lancaster, Pa.; Bert Hickey, 17, Lansdale, Pa.; John L. Martin, Jr., 11, Fairforest, S. C.; Charles Ray, 14, Knoxville, Tenn.; C. H. Schmidt, Jr., 13, Knoxville, Tenn.; Helen Grospe, 12, Amarillo, Texas; Edward Stolte, 13, Waco, Texas; Jean Klinefelter, 11, Norfolk, Va.; Leland Moreous, 17, Mosinee, Wis.; Charles John Lind, 13, Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

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October's Book Harvest

AS WE gaze in delight at the abundant sheaves of October's book harvest, piled high around us, we recall a beautiful orchard in the Girl Scout Camp at Briarcliff Manor, New York. A group of girls sat blissfully munching apples while another group produced a scene from Eleanor Farjeon's *Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard*. As it grew darker, and the figures of Gilliam and her gayly-gowned maidens became more difficult to distinguish, and as the insidious voice of sly Martin Pippin himself was now and then drowned in mutterings of thunder, we of the audience seemed to be under a spell. We knew we ought to get under shelter, but only the most cautious and venerable of us obeyed that prompting. For all I know to the contrary, the more sensible ones are still sitting there, held spellbound by the artistry of Martin Pippin. Indeed, the only satisfying escape from one Eleanor Farjeon book is through the pages of another, and this is offered to us in *The Fair of St. James* (Stokes) which is so utterly lovely and so difficult to give an idea of, that we rejoice and despair by turns.

The book is inspired by a quaint French town with which Eleanor Farjeon tells us she fell in love the moment she set foot in it. Every writer, musician or artist translates his sentiments in his own chosen way. Those who can artistically translate a sincere love for a person, a principle, or a city, are few and fortunate. Of these fortunate few Eleanor Farjeon is outstanding. The tale she tells of a king and his intriguing cook; of two pairs of lovers whose fantastic stories evoke for us French gayety, songs, legends and cookery; the joyous atmosphere of a village fair out of whose quaint characters and festivities the story is woven with a matchless skill—all this complicated material is presented to us in a shimmering beauty of constantly shifting scenes impossible to describe as though they were so many rainbows. We can only advise, "Read it! At once!" And from what we have learned of your taste in reading, this summer, you will not need the advice repeated.

Closely akin in spirit though entirely different in conception are *Nicholas and the Golden Goose* by Anne Carroll Moore (G. P. Putnam) and *The Bird Began to Sing* by Rachel Field (Morrow). Just as *The Fair of St. James* was inspired by love of a French town, so *Nicholas and the Golden Goose* owes its being to a love of many

By SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH

towns and cities, and *The Bird Began to Sing* to a love for that alluring invention—a music box. All three books have about them the touch of phantasy, the feeling that there is as much value between the lines as on them. Nicholas, whom we have met before as he wanders about New York City on Christmas Eve looking for Christmas—in Miss Moore's previous book, *Nicholas*—now accompanies Ann Caraway as she visits children's libraries all over Europe, and calls on the writers and artists who have made the world of children's books as enchanting as it is. Lucky Nicholas! Imagine meeting the Make-Up Man himself at the famous publishing house of Frederick Warne—that Make-Up Man who has four faces, one for the author, one for the publisher, one for the artist, and one for his audience of children. Imagine sleeping overnight at Beatrix Potter's own home, and learning to ride the Golden Goose in Leslie Brooke's studio in St. John's Wood! What was the Golden Goose, which helps give the book its title? I fancy you won't know unless you yourself have ever tried to mount him, and there are very few people who haven't tried many times and given themselves growing pains doing so. Almost every name in the book has thrilling associations, recalling at once storied pages and loved book characters. Fascinating are the glimpses of all sorts of libraries, in devastated France shortly after the Great War, in courageous and eager Belgium or, by the help of the Golden Goose, in our own America. Whether Nicholas and Ann Caraway are breathless from the vision of a field of bluebells or lavishly bestowing a largess of fifty picture books to book-starved children, no more interesting and enviable journey could be conceived. *The Bird Began to Sing* by Rachel Field (Morrow) is written with a younger audience in mind than either of the two preceding books, but anyone who loves a touch of mystery, who can appreciate the tantalizing quality which makes us ponder over Hawthorne's *Marble Faun*, trying to decide whether those ears were really pointed, will enjoy the curious experience of Grandpa Schultz's mechanical bird. He was a marvelously life-like canary, and Tilda could not believe that Grandpa Schultz's skill in teaching him to sing would really

fail. She was determined there must be some means of evoking song from that apparently dumb throat. Enlisting the aid of a canary whose trills lay in his own throbbing throat and not in any wires however skillful, Tilda and Christmas Eve between them manage matters so that everybody is satisfied. It is a story of particular interest to those who love the quaintness of old neighborhoods and who feel the insistent tug of curious old objects, such as music boxes.

No one would appreciate these stories more than the man who has, probably, inspired many of their qualities—that greatest of all phantasy-weavers, Hans Christian Andersen. In *The Ugly Duckling* by Isabele Proudfit (McBride) his life is beautifully presented to us in all the pathos of his struggling childhood and the glory of his gradually flowering genius. Very early he received all sorts of impressions, from storks and rose bushes and marionette theaters. Miss Proudfit points these out to us, and wisely allows our own minds to leap forward to the famous tales in which they were, later, immortally enshrined. We see him in his lonely and poverty-stricken years in Copenhagen, struggling as an actor, poet, playwright, depending for existence on helping hands now and then stretched out, but for the most part with nothing but his own courage to sustain him. During the saddest periods he was constantly storing up the precious images quietly referred to here and there by the author; and by a word now and then, such as "fir-tree" or "field-mouse", or a passing reference to a dream of a household goblin or to a troll-king wearing a crown of fir cones set with frozen raindrops, we are kept in touch with the workings of his marvelous imagination. To think that Jenny Lind might, if she had chosen, have become Mrs. Hans Christian Andersen, is to imagine a combination really too dazzling. So perhaps it is just as well that Jenny decided otherwise.

Just as Andersen immortalized many of the aspects and tales of Denmark, Norway and Sweden in his fairy tales, so other aspirants have sought to do with other countries. In *The Donkey of God* by Louis Untermyer (Harcourt, Brace and Company) the author has yielded to the lure of Italy, and its storied cities awake to renewed life under his tender and creative touch. The very names of Florence, Venice, Pompeii and Gubbio are magic ones, and

after having breathlessly followed the legends, some re-woven, some freshly imagined by the author, which cluster about them, Italy seems to us more than ever impregnable in her position as the most radiant of the legend countries. The conception of donkeyhood in the story which gives the book its title, is perhaps somewhat abashing to those of us who have held supreme among donkeys that side-splitting disciplinarian of Baroness Dumbrowski's *Abdallah and his Donkey*. But though we may be abashed for a moment, we are quickly reassured by a twinkle in the eyes of the author as he tells us a little anecdote such as that about Orvieto, where the courier was enabled to write rapturously on its walls, "Est! Est!! Est!!!" And if you want to know why, there is only one thing for you to do—turn to page eighty-seven in the book. You see, I am merciful and give you the page number, confident that, after having read that little story you will turn to the beginning and steep yourselves happily in the varied forms of interest afforded by the others. Variety is, indeed, one of the greatest charms of the book. In addition to the wistful charm of *The Donkey of God* itself, there is the truly thrilling drama of "The Painted Death", the humanity of "The Dog of Pompeii", the vivid presentations of matchless Florence and of that Rome to which, if destiny is kind, one inevitably returns. It is indeed a book to make of mediaeval Italy a warm and living presence.

Still under old Rome's spell, which Mr. Untermeyer has cast upon us, we turn with eagerness to the clear and incisive account of the great city given us in *The Rise of Rome* by Gordon King (Doubleday, Doran). Rome is so big a subject, and its history involves the study of so many different angles, that we approach such a book with diffidence, to say the least. We can't help remembering—that is, some of us can't—how Mr. Boffin listened to Silas Wegg reading aloud Gibbons' ponderous *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* throughout the pages of *Our Mutual Friend*. "Eight volumes," as Mr. Boffin gleefully described them. "Red and gold. Purple ribbon in every volume, to keep the place where you leave off." It gave us rather an inferiority complex regarding Roman history, which has since been dissipated more or less successfully. Nothing could be more effective for such a purpose than *The Rise of Rome*. Little by little the great city comes to life, her development, her picturesqueness, her faults and her virtues growing page by page under the author's vivid touch. All puzzling and irrelevant detail is omitted, and after an absorbed reading of this crystal clear history, we feel old Rome as a palpitating reality. Not the least interesting part of the book is the list of reference books at the end, one of our own favorites of which is *A Day in Old Rome* by William Stearns Davis. The list shows how skillfully Mr. King has fused different aspects of Rome into one extremely readable and satisfying history. We see it politically, socially, and artistically, no one point of view being slighted at the expense of another, although the political is stressed.

History in a romantic form is presented to us in *The Sea Lord—Francis Drake* by Aitken Lumpus (Macmillan). One can hardly help sighing, throughout these thrilling and colorful pages describing the rise of cabin boy to (Continued on page 46)

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October's Book Harvest

(Continued from page 45)

the very exalted position of Queen Elizabeth's admiral and the conqueror of the Spanish Armada, "Them was the days!" Francis Drake is shown to us as an extremely lovable personality, gay, courageous, with a song on his lips and preferring a similar joyous approach to life in all who were associated with him in his many adventures. The cruelty of the day is not minimized, and our blood boils at some of the lurid pictures drawn, but it is impossible to resist the magnetism of a character which keeps a stiff upper lip no matter how difficult the conditions. *Ships in the Bay* by D. K. Broster (Coward-McCann) naturally arouses our keenest expectations. We will remember the author's splendid *Flight of the Heron*, and *The Gleam in the North*, among her other notable contributions to historic fiction. We are not disappointed. In this story of Martin Tyrrell, who has a genius for getting in the tightest possible places and lying prudently low in them until inaction becomes unbearable, we have another finely constructed, absorbing story. The period is 1796, and the setting unusual—the coast of Wales. A bite from a suspicious dog would not seem the most auspicious introduction to the dog's young mistress, but Nesta Meredith is tender-hearted and Martin Tyrrell most engaging. Surely no young man could spin a stranger and more complicated Odyssey than Martin unfolded to Nesta, and it is hardly any wonder that his daring is contagious. They find an able fellow conspirator in the person of old Jeremy Salt, whose secretary Martin becomes, and who proves that a man may be a recluse and a bookworm and yet an invaluable contribution to the humor and keenness of society. The three of them are scarcely a match for English detectives and Welsh suspicion combined, but Monsieur la Vireville is. That resourceful Frenchman succeeds in triumphantly vindicating Nesta's confidence and in more than recompensing her for the hardships she has been forced to suffer in Martin's cause.

Three little books whose characters are well expressed in their titles are *Girls Who Became Leaders*, *Girls Who Achieved*, and *Girls Who Made Good* by Winifred and Frances Kirkland (Ray Long and Richard Smith). They contain short and succinct accounts of women of various countries and periods, all notable for executive ability and all making a real contribution to progress. Every kind of girl is represented, from Mary Martin Sloop who built herself a career out of providing cast-off clothing for the poverty stricken inhabitants of the Carolina Mountains, to Nancy Astor, Amy Johnson and Carrie Chapman Catt. *The Art of the Foil* by Luigi Barbasetti (Dutton) is a book which we approach respectfully. We hardly need the mute reminder of the threatening young fencer on the cover to assure us that we know nothing whatever about fencing. On opening the book, however, we are convinced that, if we had any ambitions in this direction, we could probably have no more dependable instructor.

Perhaps you are wondering, "Where are our very own books this month?"—the ones in which this department is especially interested because they tell of girls of our own day and with our own interests and

demands. We might as well confess at once that there are three, and that two of them are distinctly disappointing. From *Judy* by Shirley L. Berton (Harcourt, Brace) we certainly expected much. We remember Judy when, in *A Barrel of Clams*, she shut herself up on a lonely and chilly island in Maine all winter, determined that there should be no obstacles to her determination to write, write, write. Despite the fact that she was a little impractical and imprudent—perhaps because of it—Judy made a real place for herself in our hearts. We applauded her pluck and her resourcefulness. In her continued story as written in *Judy*, she reminds us all too strongly of our old friend Epaminandas. She ain't got de sense she was bo'n wiv, she nevah did hab de sense she was bo'n wiv, an' she nevah will hab de sense she was bo'n wiv. It is all very well for a warm-hearted girl to be hoodwinked by a lunatic once, but when it happens a second time and doesn't even make a particularly interesting story because the wheels are going around so very, very obviously, we feel that an old friend has not lived up to our expectations. We sincerely hope the disappointment will be only a temporary matter, and that, next time, Judy will go back to her straightforward self instead of attempting to tell a mystery story, a treasure story and an adventure story all at once, and achieving none.

The Graper Girls Go to College by Elizabeth Corbett (Century) continues the careers of Marian, Ernestine and Beth. Marian and Ernestine are now at college, absorbed as ever in fraternities, social popularity and a sort of get-there-at-all-costs energy which we, personally, do not find particularly alluring. We understand, however, that many girls do not share this point of view, and so we present the book for your opinion. Certainly there is no lack of motion and animation in the story, and it mirrors with probable truth a section of life at college which, if you like, you like, and in such matters of taste one must make one's own decision.

Suzanne of Belgium by Suzanne Silvercruys Farnum (Dutton) without doubt puts to shame such fiction characters as Judy; Marian, Ernestine and Beth. Though autobiographical, the story of this fifteen-year-old Belgian girl who, entirely alone, crossed the border to Holland and then sailed for America when Belgium was first invaded by Germany, reads like the most absorbing fiction. As the daughter of a Supreme Court Justice of Brussels, Suzanne naturally had cultural and social advantages not open to many girls. She is unusually brilliant and able in a variety of lines, and her response to all sorts of conditions, her elasticity of viewpoint, has developed her generous and native endowments. Despite the imposing list of her accomplishments, among which may be mentioned Red Cross work, public speaking, being the belle of many balls after she had achieved the young ladyhood of Belgium's rigid etiquette, and now launching out into a career as sculptor, it is her enthusiasm, simplicity and very evident gift for friendship which without doubt will endear her to the American girls among whom her marriage to a Yale graduate has cast her future life.

Riding for Fun

(Continued from page 11)

cases Mrs. Babcock will tell you that it takes lots of practice and some knowledge of technique. The beginner should not make the mistake of thinking that in five or six lessons she will become a rider. We have to practice everything to achieve perfection. The great golf player, the great swimmer, and the tennis champion all have had technical training to learn the coordination of mind and muscles. Yet, many people think they should simply get on a horse and ride.

Here Mrs. Babcock demonstrated with her own well-trained hands the correct position and the manner in which the reins should be held. "It is an error to hold the thumbs up like little posts, as one sometimes sees," she warned. "The hands should come just above the front of the saddle about at the waist-line, with the backs of the hands toward the horse's mouth, the knuckles nearly vertical and with the wrists slightly rounded so that the reins may be controlled by a slight turn of the wrist. The body above the hips should be supple so that it may sway easily with the movements of the horse, but this suppleness should not extend to the point of sloppiness. The upper arms should be held naturally at the sides and parallel to the body, not with the elbows bowed at right angles, nor flapping up and down with each movement of the horse."

While there are a number of ways of carrying the reins, all considered correct, Mrs. Babcock prefers to carry the four reins in the left hand, with the right hand resting slightly in advance but beside the left on the reins. When a whip is carried, it rests between the thumb and first finger of the right hand. When this method of carrying the reins is used, the play on the horse's mouth comes from the fingers and wrists and not from the shoulders, which is sometimes the case.

There are exceptions to this rule for the very young rider whose hands are small and for the inexperienced rider who still lacks full confidence in the horse; for them the reins may be carried in both hands. In this case the hands should be close together with the thumb side of the hand uppermost and the thumb resting on the reins to prevent slipping.

"I feel that everyone should walk and trot a horse before they start to canter, because that is how they will learn the correct position. It gives them more opportunity," said Mrs. Babcock.

And then I asked her to tell me about the correct clothes for riding. "The more mannish a girl's clothes are the better she will look on a horse," she replied. "Her hair should be worn simply.

"The rider should buy her coat full enough for comfort. It should be easy across the back and fuller through the arm than is usual for other occasions to allow for play. She needs extra length from shoulder to elbow for free arm movement.

"Mannish soft felt hats are perfectly correct with informal riding clothes. Mannish shirts with collar and tie are smart and correct. Either riding breeches or boots or jodhpurs may be worn. The jodhpurs are, of course, less expensive, easier to get into, and will not be outgrown so soon, as they can be let out at the seams.

"The derby is only worn with more formal clothes, such as light tan breeches, black boots, and a coat of Oxford or very dark navy. Entire suits of one material are not used except in black for formal occasions with a silk hat.

"For the Girl Scout the official riding uniform, with its man-tailored whipcord coat of dark green, tan gabardine riding breeches, green flannel shirt and soft hat, is, of course, in good taste and attractive as it creates a picture of harmony when a troop rides together."

You're as Big as You Look

(Continued from page 21)

sides of the neck and fitted smoothly. Tightness around the upper arm and across the back is a definite fault, and of course the bust looks much larger if the dress is snug over it. There should always be enough fullness around the buttocks so that the dress does not pull or draw up when you sit down or go up and down stairs.

The question as to what colors the large girl can best wear is absorbing. You know, of course, that dark colors look smaller than light ones and that the so-called cold colors such as the blues, blue-greens, grays and blue-lavenders are more retiring than the warm shades of the spectrum such as red, orange and yellow. Within limits this should be kept in mind, but naturally your choice of colors must be adjusted to circumstances of wearing and also to your natural coloring.

For summer wear and for evening, lighter colors are usually pleasanter than the dark ones, and it's often possible to balance a little license in shade by a clever choice of cut or fabric. If you prefer to wear dark

colors they may be lightened beautifully with white touches or they may be carried out in sheer fabrics that give a lovely illusion of daintiness and femininity.

In the fall or winter, naturally our thoughts turn to the rich shades such as red and henna and wine and green. The dark greens and deep wine shades may be worn by the large girl or, if she likes and finds becoming the brighter reds and hennas and greens, she can easily use them in small amounts to relieve a dark costume.

A passionate lover of color myself, it seems unfair to me that because a girl is large she should be deprived of vivid color in large amounts if she likes it. But, of course, she doesn't have to wear it publicly. She can take out her love for it in gay negligees and lounging pajamas. Or, if she can be satisfied so, she doesn't even have to wear it. She can surround herself in her own room with lovely decorative colors—in her hangings and bed covers and chairs and wallpaper—and can herself feel *svelte* and small by contrast with this gay color dominance.



WHEN YOU'RE
boss on the job

Wiping down the woodwork for mother? Doing the dishes? Tidying up the bathroom? . . . Let Fels-Naptha help you do a better job—and do it easier, too! For this big golden bar brings you extra help. Unusually good soap and plenty of naphtha. Working together, they coax away the most stubborn grime and grease. They get things shining clean—without hard rubbing! Fels-Naptha's extra help can lighten mother's washes, too. Tell her!

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NAPTHA ODOR

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Send for 50 sets of Christmas Seals. Sell 10c a set. Send us \$3, keep \$2. FREE gifts for promptness.

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IN BEAUTIFUL GIFT BOX—NEW! NOVEL! Dainty! Glassette, an exclusive richly beautiful material of watered silk finish—21 FOLDERS ALL DIFFERENT. Reproductions of magnificent paintings in multi-colored crayon and raised gold metallic effects—EACH with a TISSUE LINED ENVELOPE. COSTS YOU 50c—SELLS FOR \$1.00. Free Sample. Write today to WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS, 7 Water Street Dept. 25 Boston, Mass.

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Send for 30 CHRISTMAS PACKAGES. Each package containing 48 assorted Christmas Seals, Cards, Tags, etc. Sell for 10c. When sold send us \$1.50 and keep \$1.50. Or send for 30 Christmas Greeting Card packages. Each package containing 3 cards and 3 envelopes. Sell for 10c. When sold send us \$1.50 and keep \$1.50. We trust you. Send 1/2, keep 1/2. Christmas Card Co., Dept. 16, Beverly, Mass.

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for new applicant of my 1c, 2c and 3c approvals, and also my 50% discount.

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BUT FROM THE CLASS PIN PIONEERS

BASTIAN BROS. CO. 30 Baiter St., Rochester, N. Y.

Hot Sandwiches for Supper

(Continued from page 25)

on squares of toast spread with mustard butter. Garnish with thin slices of dill pickle.

To balance this menu, serve a lettuce and tomato salad and a jellied fruit dessert with cookies. If you haven't time for the jellied dessert use canned fruit instead.

Baked Bean Sandwich

Cook two slices of bacon until crisp. Remove from the fat to brown paper and keep in a warm place. Add one small onion, minced, and cook in the fat until golden brown in color. Then add one-half to three-quarters of a cup of baked beans. While the beans are heating make two slices of toast, and spread with mustard butter and sprinkle with salt. Pour the beans over the toast, garnish with the two slices of bacon and two or three olives.

Serve with celery hearts, a hot baked canned pineapple and cookies.

Hamburg and Onion Sandwich

Allow one quarter of a pound of hamburger and one medium-sized onion for each sandwich. Prepare the onion as for hot onion sandwich. Season the meat and make into flat cakes. Put a little fat into a frying pan. When it is hot, add the meat, sear first one side and then the other. Lower the heat and continue cooking for about five minutes or until the meat is done sufficiently to suit your taste. Remove to two slices of buttered toast spread with a little mustard and salt, and garnish with the onions. You may substitute fried apple rings, pineapple, or banana for the onion. Stewed tomato may accompany this with a chocolate blanc mange for dessert.

Cheese Pigs in Blankets

Cut Swiss cheese in strips two inches long and a quarter of an inch wide and thick. Spread with mustard and wrap each in a piece of bacon. Place on a strip of buttered brown bread, and put in a pan under the broiler and toast. If necessary, turn the little pigs on the toast to brown the other side of the bacon. Serve with beet relish or other pickle, sliced tomatoes and a junket dessert.

For the last sandwich I am giving the recipe for six servings.

Roast Beef Sandwich, Brown Gravy

Put three tablespoons of fat in a frying pan and two tablespoons each of chopped, stuffed olives, chopped green pepper and minced onion. When the vegetables are brown, add three tablespoons of flour and stir until the mixture bubbles. Now add gradually two cups of soup stock or two cups of water and two bouillon cubes and continue stirring until it begins to boil. Lower the heat, add two cups of diced roast beef and let stand for two minutes or until the beef is heated through. Serve on split buttered biscuit or toast. Garnish with

mustard pickles. Serve with lettuce salad and hot canned pears and cookies.

Here are the desserts that balance the sandwich menus.

Banana Float

Break an egg into the top of a double boiler and beat to mix white and yolk, then add two tablespoons of sugar and a pinch of salt. Gradually add a cup of hot milk and cook over hot water, stirring constantly until the mixture coats a spoon. Set the dish in a container of cold water. When cold, pour over sliced bananas and garnish with sliced dates. Whipped cream adds both to flavor and appearance.

Pineapple Bavarian Cream

Soak one tablespoon gelatin in one-quarter of a cup of cold water and soften over hot water. Mix together one cup of grated pineapple, one-quarter of a cup of sugar, and a tablespoon of lemon juice and stir until sugar is dissolved. Into this stir the softened gelatin. Set in a pan of cracked ice and when the mixture begins to jelly beat to a froth with an egg beater and fold in three-quarters of a cup of whipped cream. Pile in dessert dishes and chill.

Chocolate Cornstarch Pudding

Scald two and a quarter cups of milk. Grate two squares of chocolate. Put into the top of a double boiler and add one-quarter of a cup of sugar, three tablespoons of cornstarch, one-quarter of a teaspoon of salt and mix thoroughly. Add the scalded milk gradually, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens. Continue cooking over hot water, with occasional stirring, for fifteen minutes, cool and stir in one teaspoon of vanilla. Turn into molds rinsed with cold water. Chill, and serve with sugar and cream.

Junket

Crush a junket tablet in a tablespoon of cold milk. Add one-quarter of a cup of sugar to a quart of milk and heat, stirring constantly until the milk is lukewarm. Stir in the dissolved junket and a teaspoon of vanilla and pour into dessert dishes. Set aside to jelly. Serve with whipped cream and chopped fruit or nuts.

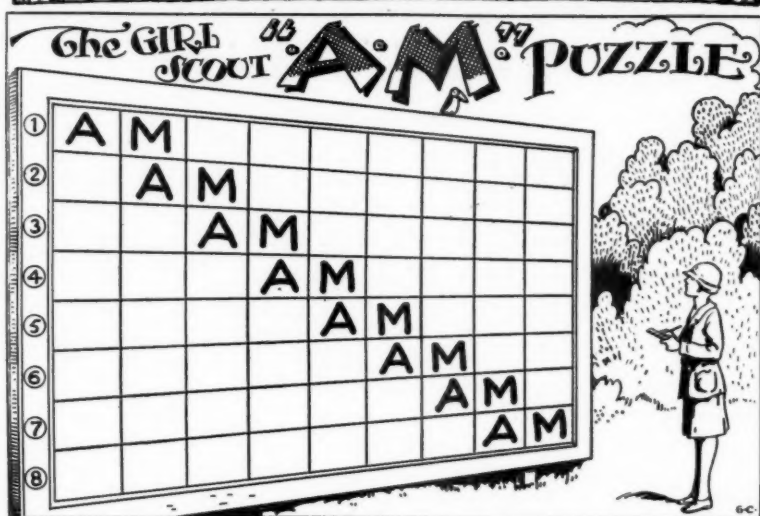
For good measure I am telling you how to mix one salad that goes well with a sandwich meal.

Cabbage and Peanut Butter Salad

Remove the coarse, outside leaves from one-half of a small head of cabbage and slice, chop or grate, whichever you prefer. Add one teaspoon of salt, three-quarters of a cup of chopped peanuts, a little paprika and just enough French dressing to moisten. Mix with about a cup of mayonnaise. This amount of salad is enough for several generous servings.



OUR PUZZLE PACK



The "A M" Puzzle

In the diagram on the signboard in the above picture are spaces for a variation on the familiar "acrostic" style of puzzle. The problem is to place eight certain nine-letter words in the spaces so that the letters "A M" will appear in the diagonal order shown.

The definitions of these words, in the order of the numbers shown on the side of the sign, are:

1. What we are all proud to be.
2. Something to sit upon when in camp.
3. A kind of lizard.
4. With one's family at home.
5. The sky.
6. An ignorant person.
7. A place where Girl Scouts love to go.
8. A thousandth part of a gram.

Puzzle Pack Word Square

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square:

1. Something which amuses in general.
2. A cold region.
3. A dull shade of green.
4. A bird of the crow family.
5. A general course or direction.

By BETTY BOLLARD, Ridgewood, New Jersey.

A Charade

My first is in bear, but never in den.
My second, in oriole, is never in wren.
My third is in glass, but never in jar.
My fourth is in truck, but not in car.
My fifth is in boat and not in yawl.
My sixth is in winter, but never in fall.
My whole is a city well known to all.

By HOPE REYNOLDS, Auburndale, Massachusetts.

Add a Letter

By adding a letter at the beginning of each of the following words, eight new words will be formed. The eight added letters spell the name of a man, very prominent in Washington's time.

1. Rank
2. Each
3. Gate
4. Ever
5. Now
6. And
7. Rate
8. Ails

By ELEANOR HOLMES, Troop One, Evansville, Wisconsin.

Enigma

I am the name of a great poet and contain eighteen letters.

- My 4, 6, 11 and 18 is a body of water.
- My 3, 10, 5 and 17 is a home of beasts.
- My 1, 16, 8 and 14 is an insect.
- My 9, 2 and 7 is a pronoun.
- My 13, 15 and 12 means to look.

By CARMEN OVERSON, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Concealed Animals

The name of an animal is hidden in each one of the following sentences:

1. When I went to the monastery, a monk eyed me with curiosity.
2. The new stiff awning kept the sun off the porch.
3. Homes of adobe are now very rare.
4. Ella made a fine peach pie.
5. Farmer Brown has a fine pair of oxen.
6. The teacher never came late to school.
7. Mandy and Sambo are old and trusted servants.
8. Frederick often made errors in arithmetic.
9. Mary and Grant eloped to Reno.
10. At last Agnes had the lunch ready.

By CAROL KENNEDY, Tracy, California.

Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time, change DIRT to WASH in six moves.

By RUTH NEHRING, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Ye Olde Time Riddle

Why should a man always wear a watch when traveling in the desert?

By ALICE GARREN, Jacksonville, Florida.

ANSWERS TO OUR LAST PUZZLES

IN OUR CAMP: HAT, hot, COT, cut, CUP, cue, sue, SUN, pun, PEN, PEG, LEG, LOG, fog, fox, BOX, BOW, bog, BAG, BAT, HAT.

PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:
F O L D
O V E R
L E V Y
D R Y S

A CHARADE: Livingstone.

ENIGMA: "Be kind to animals."

CONCEALED BIRDS: 1. Crow 2. Lark 3. Hawk

4. Wren 5. Cardinal 6. Starling.

WORD JUMPING: Shoes, shows, shops, chops,

crops, cross, cress, dress.

YE OLDE TIME RIDDLE: All the difference in the world.



Dear Mother

Dodo's house couldn't be more attractive, and I'm simply goofy about her family, too, and we're having too marvelous a time, only the weather is simply putrid so cold and damp.

But Mother, I'm in a perfect dither about Dodo's clothes and honestly I wish you could see her underthings, they couldn't be more divine. She has those adorable handmade crêpe de chine ones in the loveliest colors, and they cost hardly anything, that is, when you consider they wear simply ages. I mean Dodo's are the ones she had last winter, and, Mother, they're positively like new.

And she has some pajamas that are absolute knock-outs, pale green with gold.

Of course, she says all her nice things are always washed in Lux, she never lets the maid use anything else because anything else would be absolutely fatal, it would fade them so.

Please break down and buy me some new undies when I get home. Honestly I promise to wash them out myself just like my stockings every night in Lux. I actually will!

And be a good egg please, and send me my red angora beret and scarf! Dodo says I can Lux them, too, so even if they're soiled please mail them.

Heaps and heaps of love darling,

Midge



THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

MARGARET MOCHRIE • EDITOR

WHO'S WHO IN THIS ISSUE



GEORGIA STANBROUGH, who wrote *Diana's Coffee*, is new to readers of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, although her work has appeared in other magazines. She writes:

"I am one of those legendary persons who was born in New York but who finally discovered that living in the country is much more fun. I spend lots of time on a house, a child and a dog but have some left over for canoeing, swimming and tennis. I dislike cooking—especially fish—and love to lie in the sun." Miss Stanbrough is really Mrs. Muller, the wife of Charles Geoffrey Muller, whose latest story, *Ellen Sights Gibbs Light*, brought roars of approval from so many of you.

MARY DAY WINN. Mary Day Winn of the *What's Happening* page will speak to you herself:

"Most authors begin biographical notes about themselves by telling you what their favorite sport is. That's why it has taken me three months to begin this note: I have no favorite sport. In fact, I loathe physical exertion of every kind, and almost the only exercise that I take voluntarily is a kind of swinging motion of the legs, for seven minutes every morning, which I have only persuaded myself to undertake recently, because my dislike of stoutness is greater even than my dislike of exercise. I do love to garden, and especially pull out weeds, which involves physical exertion, but that is because I have a passion for seeing everything around me neat and tidy. I was born and brought up in Virginia but have also lived in Maryland, South Dakota, California and New York. I have degrees from Vassar and Columbia University and have studied at the University of California." Miss Winn has written several books, among them *The Macadam Trail*, a story of a ten-thousand-mile bus trip all over the United States. She writes: "I enjoyed this trip . . . but my latest travel interest is the airplane and my next ambition is to see South America from the back of one of these great birds."

EDITH BALLINGER PRICE, whose picture is in the next column, was educated primarily as an artist but somehow she got into writing and now she is in the fortunate position of being able to create her heroines both in words and pictures. She



CONTENTS for OCTOBER, 1932

ART AND POETRY

- Cover Design *Edward Poucher*
From a Hill Top *Angela Morgan* 6

STORIES

- Diana's Coffee* *Georgia Stanbrough* 7
Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele
The Laughing Princess *Mabel Cleland* 12
Illustrations by Marguerite de Angeli
Scatter's Rest Cure *Leslie C. Warren* 18
Illustrations by Helen Hokinson
Rita and The Bayberries *Edith Ballinger Price* 22
Illustrations by the Author

SPECIAL ARTICLES

- Riding For Fun *Anna Coyle* 10
Ruth Nichols, Flyer *Catherine Hoag* 15

PROFICIENCY BADGE PAGES

- Our Girl Scout Sampler (*Needle-woman*) *Helen Perry Curtis* 17

- You're as Big as You Look (*Dressmaker*) *Hazel Rawson Cades* 21
Illustration by Katherine Shane Bushnell

- Hot Sandwiches for Supper (*Cook*) *Winifred Moses* 25

- October's Book Harvest (*Scribe*) *Sophie L. Goldsmith* 44

GIRL SCOUT PICTURES

- With The Girl Scouts—Out-of-doors and In 26, 27

GIRL SCOUT NEWS

- October—the Girl Scouts' Own Month 28, 29

OTHER PAGES OF INTEREST

- A Message from Our President 3
Laugh and Grow Scout 4
Well, of All Things! 5
What's Happening? *Mary Day Winn* 30
Our New "What-I-Wish" Contest 31, 32
The Poster Contest Winners 38
Prize Winners 35
Our Puzzle Pack *George Carlson* 49
Who's Who in This Issue 50

is the author of many books for young people, her latest one being *The Enchanted Admiral*. *AMERICAN GIRL* readers will remember her popular serial, *The Fork in the Road*. Miss Price lives in Rhode Island and she is tremendously interested in Girl Scout work.



HELEN PERRY CURTIS. Mrs. Curtis, who writes many of our popular "how-to-make" articles, and who is a contributor to several women's magazines, has done all sorts of interesting things. When the World War broke out, she was in Paris and stayed

there for a year doing Red Cross work in France and later in Italy. When America joined the war she went back with the American Army as a canteen worker, and later went into Germany with the Army of Occupation. In addition to this, she has done dramatics club work with boys and girls, designed clothes for children and grown-ups and traveled extensively. Just as this magazine goes to press, she is on the high seas on her way to Southern France and Italy. From every country she visits she brings home beautiful tapestries and embroideries.





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Has Your Girl Scout
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It is not hard to understand *why* the uniform is so important. With it the Girl Scout outwardly identifies herself with the organization . . . she is conscious of the necessity for good conduct and appearance. She is impressed with her responsibility for carrying on the good name and reputation of the Girl Scouts.

Without it she loses the true feeling of comradeship . . . she misses many an opportunity to take part in special programs at which a uniform is necessary. And not least important, she fails to receive, in times of emergency, the respect and admiration from the general public who recognizes a Girl Scout only by means of her uniform.

Aside from the development of character there is a definite economical gain derived from wearing the uniform. Material, color and style have been carefully chosen so that the uniform will present a good appearance and at the same time withstand the varied and often strenuous uses demanded of it. As the style does not change a uniform should give good service for several years.

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A 141 Official Girl Scout Hat	1.00
A 121 Girl Scout Neckerchief	.45
A 161 Girl Scout Web Belt	.40
Total	\$6.35

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